THE FORTNIGHTLY

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WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?*

BY LORD ADDISON

THIS question in one form or another is in the minds of most of us whenever we have time to think of how, having overcome Hitlerism, we are going to make effective our purpose of freeing Europe from a repetition of terror.

We know that, somehow or other, a way must be found; but the paramount necessity of equipping ourselves and of marshalling all the Empire's resources so as to win the war first forces this issue into the background. Nevertheless we know from bitter experience that it may even be more difficult to secure a victory for Peace than to win a victory in war, prodigious as that effort will certainly be.

Mr. H. G. Wells, with his challenging authority, has faced up to the immense problems involved if mankind is to be allowed to make progress in peace and to be liberated from the possibility that science and invention will be used, at recurrent intervals, for the organization of slaughter and destruction on an ever-increasing scale.

Such a possibility is so horrible that it is hateful to have to state it; but there is no escape from the certainty of it if we fail to remove the causes of war and to master the consequences of modern intellectual progress, in order to harness them to the fortification of security and to making the lives of all people the better worth living.

The present war, with staggering rapidity, has demonstrated that national boundaries, in the sense that we have hitherto known them, have no real meaning in the freedom and opportunity of life they are able to assure for their inhabitants when ferocious discontent, over the border, arms itself for the purpose of conquest with the apparatus that scientific discovery and mechanical arts place at its disposal.

Also it is no longer the attempted settlement of some national dispute by force of arms. It is a deeper rivalry than that. It is a rivalry of systems; and no settlement is possible

*A question asked by Mr. J. B. Priestley in a recent broadcast.

that fails to take account of the causes of these rivalries and makes possible the development of whatever is worthy in them without menace to the lives of others.

Manifestly we must try to shape an order of society that is based on a Community of Nations rather than upon convenient alliance for limited purposes.

It does not seem to me that our present national leaders have, so far, found time to begin the consideration of these perplexing problems. To say this is not to attribute blame to them. For what time and freshness of mind can they have when every hour must " sweat its sixty minutes to the death "' in the struggle for national safety?

Nevertheless if all those who, with one heart and mind, are devoting themselves to help our war effort, as well as the millions of the oppressed, are not to suffer an agonizing disillusionment, it is an urgent necessity that a start should be made in the consideration of how practical effect can be given to the supreme post-war aim that is common to all.

Every experienced person knows that no effective proposals can be formulated quickly and that whatever emerges can be no more than a beginning. What is vital, is that it should provide a system of security for the nations within which a new and better world order, based on individual freedom and on a righteous opportunity and life for all people may be developed.

The work should be begun. It would not be difficult to initiate. It would not be difficult to enlist the aid of capable, experienced and wide-minded people who could help in the definition of the main objectives and in promoting agreement upon them.

We have at this time an exceptional advantage. There are amongst us many responsible leaders of the victim States. They must be oppressed with a sense of the shortcomings of the pre-war system and be prepared to visualize the necessity of nations ceasing to cling to a delusive independence and isolation that has proved to be a danger to that very independence itself.

It would be a first-class blunder however at this stage to allow this important preparatory work to become cluttered up by a medley of Specialist Committees intent on working out to the last comma plans for the future working of a score of separate services. They would only serve to cloud the issue and provoke minor controversies.

Many of such services would no doubt be the business of the future International Authority to organize and establish—so

far as they were not the proper duty of the individual nations themselves.

The first necessity clearly is to define sufficiently the means whereby a securer international order may be obtained. No greater, no nobler purpose could be presented to the world at this time.

I believe that in our present Prime Minister we have a man who is great enough and who would be capable of the inspiring leadership that would be called for. But there can be no consistent leadership that is not based on an examination of the needs and that leads to a confident declaration of what must be undertaken in order to meet them.

The necessity of this work being begun, now and becoming understood and supported by the people as an intrinsic part of our war aim, is made manifest if we recall the melancholy experience that followed the end of the last war.

The records of those post-war years almost shout aloud their warnings and directions to us as from the grave. The horrors of to-day are in no small measure due to the mistakes that were made during and after the last war; and the danger of them is associated undoubtedly with the exercise of the very democratic freedom itself that we so rightly cherish.

Two examples are common knowledge, but they are worth recalling.

The failure of the United States to continue to support the League of Nations was mainly due to the fact that President Wilson had not prepared his fellow-countrymen for the new world responsibility that membership of the League involved. That freedom-loving, independent-spirited country would not have this new unfamiliar system forced upon them. One can well believe that, despite their support of their own participation in the war, the assumption of these new responsibilities must have required clear exposition and months of sustained and instructed advocacy for it to have become an accepted part of the national aim.

It was foreign no doubt to President Wilson's aloofness to engage in this organized attempt to instruct and convince a great democracy. But who can doubt that the failure to do so, the failure to convince American opinion of the absolute necessity of their participation in this great new need, was responsible for the calamity that followed?

If free people are to be asked to consent to share in a great world enterprise that is foreign to their cherished traditions and must to some extent, involve a surrender of some of their

own absolute sovereignty, they have the right to be given a clear understanding of the character of the new commitments they are asked to undertake and of the necessity for them.

Are we not heading for a similar danger now?

It seems inevitable that any form of a future Community of Nations that is to be effective in establishing and securing peace must be accompanied by some measure of subordination of complete national independence of action to the new International Authority. That subordination must also necessarily extend beyond the services required for defence and security; it must involve a measure of economic partnership if there is to be any hope of the fuller life in freedom that the people long for.

The new International Authority, if it is to function efficiently, will clearly have to be given control through an appropriate staff of sufficient forces—naval, military and air—as will enable it to safeguard the integrity of the Member States as a whole, and to maintain peace and order between them. It will have to safeguard an arbitral system for the settlement of differences. At the same time the common policy of the associated nations towards outside states, so long as there are any, must obviously be subject to the central directing Authority. In the economic sphere also the attempt at national self-sufficiency by the associated nations must be a thing of the past, and the unnatural barriers that have been created in the attempt to achieve the impossible must disappear.

One has only to mention a few conditions like the foregoing—all of which appear to be inseparable from a real Community of Nations—to visualize the sacrifices of cherished traditions that will be called for, as well as the thicket of difficulties that will have to be attacked with determination and goodwill. But if anything of that kind is required (in Europe at least) there surely is no time to be lost in giving it sufficient definiteness and in presenting it to the people who are longing for guidance and for hope for the future.

Free people—British people—love leadership. But it must be a leadership that has a great convincing appeal.

We may confidently expect that at the end of the war the peace rejoicings will be accompanied by a hectic scramble to get back to home and to a happy peacetime life. But if we have failed to undertake the preliminary constructive planning of the new international order the nations will be presented with hastily put together proposals, half-considered, never

explained, and never understood in the fullness of their meaning, whilst the leaders of the different countries will find themselves overwhelmed with a host of domestic difficulties clamouring for their attention.

Under such conditions it is futile to expect that a workable international League or Council or Federation, or whatever it may be called, will be established on a secure basis. It is almost certain that the world would be presented with the confusions and lack of direction that followed the end of the last war. Those that can will jump in to take advantage of such business opportunities as there are whilst millions will become the victims of a disappointment that will lead most likely to violent reaction of a destructive kind.

This brings me to the second illustration, that the immediate post-war period provided, of the dangers inherent in our free system when the people have not the consistent leadership they look for and respect. If it is to be consistent it must be a leadership that has been built upon a mature consideration from the principles that are to applied in post-war reconstruction and that have been explained to and understood by the people. No leadership is worth the name if it changes direction at the behest of unthinking clamour.

The other day Mr. J. B. Priestley, in one of his charming broadcasts, told a story of a fine young airman and he asked us " what we were going to do about it ", or about him, after he and his fellows, in his own and the other services, have saved us?

It was only one sample of other questions that will some day be in the minds of millions of people. When I heard Mr. Priestley ask it, it made me think at once of the horrible experiences of 1921 and 1922,—of the Economy Crusade, of the Geddes' Axe and of other similar desolating stunts.

At the end of the present war there will be an enormous increase in the national debt and still heavier taxation than now. But does it follow that everybody will be so much poorer? So far as the war will have been financed by the people's lendings, it will, in fact, be little more than an alteration in form—a change in the form of the note from one pocket to another.

A strange fetish or sort of bogey has been created; it has been called " the City ". Its apostles clothe themselves in such a voluminous self-satisfaction and assume such pompous authority that the people have come to take them at their own valuation and accept their claims as established, although they

are not at all clear as to what they mean. Much in the same way as the claims of certain quack medicines obtain acceptance.

These preachers of "economy" were very vocal at the time of the Geddes Axe, as they were later on in 1931, when they assured us all that we were in danger of national bankruptcy because there was a debt on the Unemployment Insurance Fund of about the cost of a few days of the present war. It was the same people, I remember, who in one month drew dreadful pictures of what would happen if we went off the gold standard and three months later were assuring us that it was a very sound thing for us to have done so.

For my part I have never been able to understand how we are going to be better off if everybody has less money to spend and millions are put out of work in consequence, but it is not open to doubt that if we become exposed to this kind of thing again at the end of the present war it will be a very poor look out for Mr. Priestley's airman. Instead of having the chance he deserves he may well be found, a year or two afterwards, hawking bootlaces or stationery, or trying to persuade housewives to buy vacuum cleaners on the instalment system.

All this, of course, is on the assumption that the present economic system, whereby employment depends, in the main, on the possibility of somebody or other obtaining personal monetary profit out of the employment of others, survives. Whether that system can possibly survive the war or not except without great modifications, is open to question; but if it does, and millions of people are thereby condemned to unemployment, we may be sure that society is heading for an upheaval that will destroy not only the present system, but many other things that are precious to us all, and that make life worth living.

We may expect that Hitlerism before it is destroyed, as it must be, will involve famine in Europe and unspeakable misery. The desperate people will be ready-made victims for any preacher of fruitless violence.

This is no exaggeration; but whether at home or abroad it will present as great and difficult a problem for statesmen as will the fashioning of a new international system for the maintenance of Peace. In fact they are inseparable from one another.

It is not as if there will not be plenty of work wanting doing. Towns and villages will have been destroyed over a great part of Europe. Valuable industries will have been wiped out and

fruitful landscapes become wildernesses of weeds. We confidently expect that our own beloved country—thanks to our splendid defenders—will be spared many of these calamities; but, at the best, the dislocation of life will be immense, and the re-building and restoration of industry in town and country will be urgently needed and will occupy much time—provided the work is allowed to be undertaken at all.

These problems must be faced up to with an outlook utterly different from that which, for example, dictated the cutting down of the work of the Forestry Commission because we were told we could not afford it and the Commission had to burn millions of seedling trees because they were not allowed to buy any land on which to plant them. This, of course, although there were (and still are, for that matter) great tracts of land suitable for afforestation and capable of being so dealt with on a remunerative basis.

During the war we shall have become accustomed to the organization and direction for the common good of a host of industries and services and the same spirit will have to be applied to the problems of employment and reconstruction afterwards if we are to have a chance of achieving a better economic order. But we must do so if we are to attack at their source those discontents that lead to unrest.

The motive of enterprise in the community-sense and for community profit must replace, in a great measure, the system that is based on personal profit and all our services, beginning with finance, will have to minister to that end.

It is no part of the purpose of this article to prescribe particular remedies, but rather to press, with all sincerity, for a start being made here and now in the working out of post-war policy in regard to them.

The danger—the terrible danger—is that however well intentioned we may be now or even at the end of the war, we may be diverted from the pursuit of great purposes by some outcry or another provoked by transient circumstances.

This weakness in our Democratic system must be guarded against; and the only reliable way of avoiding it is by working out beforehand a plan of operations that will be accepted by the people and embodied in such Institutions as will ensure their progressive and steady development as an unquestioned part of our national life.

STRATEGY AND TACTICS IN THE WAR

A Survey

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

MANY of the tactical and strategical developments of this war have been unexpected and much that was expected from the experiences of the last war has not occurred. Once again we can see how unsafe it is to rely too exclusively on lessons derived from one war or to run to extremes in any particular doctrine. The broad principles on which war is conducted are well established and there has been nothing in this war to upset them, though obviously it is always necessary to apply the principles with intelligence to circumstances.

One of the reasons why it is unsafe to rely on recent war experience is that it is certain that many minds will be at work to discover how difficulties that were then encountered can be got over and how conditions which gave rise to difficulties can be avoided.

Based on last war experience it was generally held that modern weapons had given defensive mastery over offensive action. That though the attacker might by the use of powerful weapons crush forward defences yet his further progress would be held up by defences disposed in depth. Both opponents had encountered the difficulty of exploiting success and it was argued that in the future this would inevitably give rise to static conditions when disparity in the strength of the opponents was not extreme.

Other expectations derived partly from last war experiences and partly from the progress in aviation were that immense armies would become unmanageable. That they could not move under threat of air attack, much less bring up the quantities of materials required to give the attacker any prospect of breaking through strong defences.

It is not surprising therefore that the satisfied nations were content to believe and to exploit defensive theories. Equally it was certain that Germany, with aggressive ambitions, was bound to turn to devising methods which would enable the

inherent advantages of the attacker to overcome the difficulties presented by the power of defensive weapons. We can see therefore why France with no aggressive intentions and always anxious for the security of her frontier devoted herself to further developing her own defences and why she perhaps relied too confidently on Belgian power of resistance. It is less easy to understand why she neglected her air arm. This country confident in the strength of French defences saw no reason for maintaining an army prepared to intervene on the continent. The air menace alone appeared to be a danger. It was natural therefore to think in terms of air warfare rather in the close association of the air arm with the army and navy. Protection against air attack and the maintenance of a threat to carry air warfare into the enemy country appeared to be the main duty of the R.A.F. It was for those rôles it was chiefly trained and equipped.

Now if we turn to the side of Germany one can see how entirely different her approach to the problems of modern warfare was bound to be. She could not hope to further an aggressive expansionist policy except by offensive action. Her soldiers were well aware of the power of defence and the problem it presented to them was twofold. How could the power of defence be enlisted to further an expansionist policy and how could it be overcome where it formed an obstacle. Germany's solution of the problem deserves study. It may be admitted that her geographical position facilitated the solution, but the interesting points are that:

(a) She continued to rely on her army as her main instrument and although she immensely developed her air power she subordinated its action to the interests of the army.

(b) She reorganized the composition of the army, concentrating mobility and maximum striking power in one of its components.

(c) She did not attempt to produce untried secret weapons but devoted attention to improving weapons already possessed by other countries and in devising methods of employing them to advantage.

(d) for defence she relied on last war experience, took early steps to protect her civil population from air attack and, by reoccupation of the Rhineland, secured a short and easily defended frontier in the West.

Germany's soldiers had never accepted extreme views as regards the increased power of defence. They had in the first instance, like most professional soldiers, been trained to believe in the inherent advantages of the offensive. Moreover in the last year of the Great War they had seen their own

attacks achieving a great measure of success by development in artillery technique and by infiltration tactics. They had successfully employed aircraft as offensive weapons co-operating with ground attack. Even more convincing they had seen their own defence break down under tank attack and the improved artillery technique of their opponents.

It was however necessary to develop an offensive technique which would not only succeed but succeed rapidly and decisively. Germany liable to suffer from blockade was in no position to face a long war. Rapid results might be achieved by air action but though the power of the air arm was appreciated it was realized that unrestricted use of the air weapon against an enemy capable of reprisals would involve a weakening of Germany's defensive position. It was a weapon to be used with caution and only against weaker countries without adequate power of reprisal. Germany's main and most reliable offensive weapon was her army to which her great productive capacity, her man power resources and the characteristics of her people gave great potential possibilities.

By associating air action closely with the army those potentialities might be increased. The air force itself was a powerful weapon and constituted a terrible threat to the smaller nations, but the main German problem lay in exploiting the potentialities of the army for offensive action. In the small army of professional soldiers allowed her Germany had an ideal nucleus for an army that had to be formed on a new basis. A common doctrine could be formulated and its acceptance insisted on more easily than in large armies scattered and influenced by preconceived ideas. General Von Seecht who was responsible for organizing the original Reichwehr at an early stage indicated the general form the army would take when expansion became possible. He visualized a comparatively small, highly mobile force of great power which by surprise and manœuvre would form a gap in the enemy's positions, disturb the organization in rear and thus act as the spearhead of slower moving but powerful masses ready to exploit the opportunity created.

When rearmament became possible under Hitler's régime this main idea was adhered to but probably many minds were at work to develop it in detail.

What I have tried to describe is the background of the strategical and tactical methods employed by the Germans in this war. An army trained and organized for offensive action,

associated with an air force trained and intended to work in closest co-operation with it. The advantages of numerical strength were to be retained but instead of the former uniformity of organization, mobility and striking powers were concentrated to achieve rapid and far reaching effect.

The war has shown the application of Von Seecht's idea. In Poland it was comparatively easy to apply. The Poles had no strong defensive system on their frontiers and the break through of armoured columns was at once achieved. Penetrating deeply into the country the columns—as Von Seecht had expected—disrupted the system of command and spread confusion. Aircraft co-operating closely with the columns were able to direct their movements and to give warning of attempts to organize counter-attacks. Ill equipped to meet tank attack the Polish troops could then easily be dispersed. The chief difficulty the mechanized columns encountered lay in maintaining their supply of petrol.

One column which became immobilized for that reason was actually wiped out by a counter attack. This incident helped to strengthen the view that the warnings of the Polish campaign could be discounted. The strategic position of Poland was so unfavourable, she was so outmatched both in numbers and in armament, and she was so riddled by the fifth column activities of the German element in her population that the issue seemed inevitable. The striking results achieved by the German spearhead formations and by parachutists were largely attributed to these factors. The difficulties encountered by the mechanized columns strengthened the arguments of those who had considered Von Seecht's ideas impracticable as an answer to strong defensive organization. The fact that Poland's small air force had been almost entirely destroyed by the treacherous initial surprise attack of the Germans in particular served to obscure the contribution aircraft working in close collaboration with the army could make towards the realization of Von Seecht's conception.

It had been argued that the chances of armoured formations succeeding in breaking through solid defences well provided with anti-tank weapons was in the first instance small. That should they break through they would still leave elements of the defence capable of checking the advance of unarmoured forces. That the spearhead would therefore become isolated and vulnerable to counter attack; especially if it became immobilized through failure of petrol supply. The difficulty of maintaining the communications of the spearhead, exposed as

they would be to attacks from the air and by the reserves of the defence, appeared to be prohibitive.

These arguments were undoubtedly sound, though belief in the power of defence may have led to their acceptance with too great confidence. Why did they in the event prove fallacious when the great German attack in the West took place? A number of reasons have been given and it is still difficult to ascertain the truth.

The success of the German break through was first attributed to the appearance of super tanks so heavily armoured that anti-tank and even field guns produced no impression on them. A very heavily armoured tank certainly was used but subsequent experience proved that it was by no means invulnerable to the fire of even light anti-tank weapons. It would therefore be a mistake to believe that a revolutionary weapon had been devised. Later information tended to show that incompetence, and over confidence in the obstacle formed by the Meuse, contributed to the German success.

Failure to demolish a vital bridge, whether owing to hesitation, fifth column treachery or neglected precautions, was undoubtedly the initial cause of the disaster at Sedan; and a similar incident appears to have occurred at Dinant. The subsequent demoralization of the defence may have been partly due to surprise, partly to the stunning and moral effect of air bombing. We may be safe therefore in assuming that the German success in forming the gaps was due to the failure of the human element in the defence and not that the position was indefensible in face of new and superior weapons. In fact the attempt to break through should have failed. If it had failed the German attempt to secure rapid decisive results would quite possibly have broken down and we might now have found ourselves engaged in static warfare in Belgium. Since it succeeded however we have to examine why the expectation that the mechanized spearhead would become isolated, cut off from supplies and finally destroyed by counter attack was disappointed. The primary reason I believe was the close association of the German air arm with the army. The moral effect of bombing on the already demoralized French troops must have been great. We know now that bombing attacks do not cause excessive casualties. They must to a certain extent be intermittent because the number of bombs that can be carried is limited and a considerable time must elapse before the machines can re-load and return. That, I suggest, is the main reason why casualties from bombing

seldom equal those produced by the sustained volume of fire of artillery and infantry weapons. The concussion and noise of bombs and the mere threat of aircraft overhead does however have great "neutralizing" effect. That is to say that it prevents troops attacked using their weapons effectively. One of the lessons driven home in 1918 was that the neutralizing effect of hurricane artillery bombardments at critical moments was of greater importance than actual destructive effects. The neutralizing effect of bombing naturally did much to save the lighter German tanks from destruction and enabled them to widen the gap first formed and with the assistance of motorized infantry to keep it open. The mechanized formations that passed through the gap found nothing to oppose them in the country beyond. Theoretically there should have been highly mobile reserves ready to counter attack in case of a break through. How the French reserves were disposed or what they consisted of we do not yet know. But we do know that British and French mobile and armoured formations had gone to Belgium. Movements of reserves were hampered by streams of refugees and such fighting as took place was of a confused nature. Working in small groups the Germans appeared to have applied the principle of infiltration to tank tactics and subordinate commanders were given great liberty of action. Parachute troops added to the great confusion. The only answer to such a situation appears to be mobile armoured reserves accompanied by light guns on self-propelled mountings equal to tanks in speed and cross country capacity and with co-operating aircraft.

The German raiders do not appear at first to have encountered supply difficulties. They were able to live on the country, getting petrol from wayside pumps or captured depots. But for deep penetration an organized line of communication had to be established and protected. Infantry Divisions in lorries were brought forward to hold the perimeter of the bulge the raiders had made. Here the power of the defence served the Germans well for a comparatively weak force was able to secure the communications from counter attack and also to defeat the attempts of the Allied armies in Belgium to break South and restore their broken communications. Incidentally it may be noted how the defences of the West Wall and the lines of the Moselle and Meuse provided a defensive pivot for the whole great offensive manœuvre. Moreover had the spearhead break through failed the German armies were well placed to continue the war on a defensive

basis. Co-ordination of offensive and defensive power is in fact the chief strategic lesson of the war.

France has been blamed for too great reliance on defence but it is difficult to see what offensive policy was open to her so long as her action was restricted to the Lorraine front. It may be agreed however that she was obsessed by desire to make the main Maginot position doubly secure and failed to take a broad view of the defensive problem which would arise if Germany's action forced her to move to the assistance of Belgium. Belgium's attitude towards neutrality of course made the situation difficult, but one may note a common tendency to elaborate defences already strong to the neglect of more difficult problems. Where France certainly failed was in not providing herself with sufficient mobile armoured formations as counter attacking reserves.

The question whether the Allies during the Polish campaign and during the great lull should not have used their air forces offensively against Germany is obviously difficult to answer. The argument that the Allies could not take the initiative in a course of action that would endanger civilians hardly holds water since the Germans showed no scruples in Poland. The fact that German reprisals would have fallen almost exclusively on France, in view of the difficulties of bombing England while it was out of the range of fighter escorts, probably influenced the policy of abstention. Abstention certainly might have had some justification if full use had been made of the productive capacity of the Allied and neutral countries. As it was abstention, influenced by political rather than military considerations told in favour of Germany and left her with the initiative.

Modern weapons have certainly had their effect on the methods of solving strategical problems but, if we exclude the possibility of unrestricted air warfare, they have not materially changed the nature of the problems. Have they had a greater effect on tactics? Perhaps they may have. Continuous defensive lines have been abandoned in favour of isolated posts mutually supporting each other disposed in great depth. That in turn has caused the attacker to employ a process of infiltration by small bodies and to rely less on linear advance and mass attack. The principle of fire to cover movement and movement to take advantage of fire effect remains unchanged. Infiltration means the exploitation of flank attacks in detail. In turn that entails a determination on the part of the defenders of every post not to give way or to retire when their flanks are

turned but to rely on immediate counter attack and the support of covering fire from other posts to eliminate the threat of being cut off. Tactically the battle is fought by numbers of small parties, not by masses. This implies a high standard of intelligence and tactical flair on the part of the subordinate commanders both in attack and defence. It means delegation of control of the fight to those who can take instant action to meet the situation. It is not the newest weapons but the weapons used in the last war which changed the character of tactics. New weapons have however been introduced suitable to new tactics. The "Tommy" gun is replacing the rifle whose long range is seldom required. The mortar, and in some cases the infantry gun, are used in the close fighting because they can be moved to position where their detachments can see what is happening and therefore do not need orders from higher authority. Aircraft similarly can see for themselves where they are required to intervene.

The tank has been developed to restore mobility to the fight. Speed has been greatly increased in all types of tanks and in some types the weight of armour has been increased to meet the fire of anti-tank weapons. The anti-tank weapon is simply an answer to the tank and the contest between armour and projectiles so familiar in naval war is in progress. On the whole the argument I wish to advance is that it is not the introduction of new weapons that has brought about changes in tactical and strategical methods. It is, on the contrary, the weapons and conditions of the last war and their further development which have influenced strategy and tactics in this war. No new weapon that has appeared has been nearly as revolutionary as the original tank. The chief tactical discovery has been that aircraft can effectively intervene in the land fighting. On the other hand in some respects the power of aircraft has disappointed expectation. They have not immobilized armies. The amazing speed with which the Germans developed their attack on the Somme-Aisne line after Dunkirk and the way in which they were able to maintain the communications of their mechanized thrusts affords clear proof of that.

The main lesson of the war has, however, been that modern weapons have not given the defensive complete mastery and that the human element still counts for more than material. How much of Hitler's success has been due to his attack on the morale of his opponents is difficult to say. Fifth columns certainly played a very important, possibly a decisive part.

Without their assistance it is difficult to believe that parachutists and troop carrying aircraft would have accomplished much. These new developments introduced an element of surprise. Now that they have become familiar I suspect that much of their value has been lost.

In conclusion I would suggest that it may be as dangerous to over estimate the power of attack as to rely too exclusively on defence. The power of each must be employed. Fear of attack is apt to produce an inferiority complex in those compelled to stand on the defence.

THE FOREIGN LEGION AT NARVIK

By Lieutenant P. O. Lapie

WE had crossed the Arctic Circle the day before. For days there had been no such thing as night. And now the white islands long visible on the horizon, the Lofotens, were growing steadily larger as they approached. They interlocked with one another, and before long formed a wall of mountains, thick with snow from their still sunlit crests to their bases which disappeared into the sea. The sea was quite smooth under a pink sky. The transports were moving in single file, with warships before and behind. The men leant on the bulwarks and watched. Someone began an Andalusian song among a group of Spanish *légionnaires* on the ship's foredeck. An old *légionnaire* cried in the words of the pirates of olden times: *Vive la mort!*

Everybody was thinking rapturously about the coming phase of the campaign in Norway. What would it be like? It had begun at Narvik; would it end there? April 10 had seen the invasion of Norway by German troops and the bombardment and the blocking of Narvik by the British Fleet. Since then, during our journey northwards, the wireless had kept us informed of the successive setbacks which the Allies had suffered elsewhere in Norway, at Namsos, Andalsnes, and Trondheim. Only this tiny strip of territory far to the North was still in Norwegian hands. Tromso was the new political capital; Narvik the town of principal economic importance. Narvik once captured and the harbour repaired, with the railway from the Swedish iron mines in our hands, might it not be possible, fjord by fjord, and mountain by mountain, to recapture all Norway?

Hardened as they were to the heat of the Sahara and the snows of the Atlas mountains, not caring whether they lived or died, the adventure suited these battalions of the Foreign Legion.

Arriving from the West, you first catch sight of Narvik at the end of the fjord on a peninsula which you see end on. A chain of hills about 300 feet high divides the town from the shore, and partly masks it from view—and from the direct fire

of ship's guns. Behind the town so discerned there is a mountain not far short of 4,000 feet high. A swastika flag flew from the summit. On each side of its peninsula the town and the mountain massif which looms over it are washed by two lesser fjords—the Rombaken to the North, the Bjess on the South. Along the Narvik bank of the Rombaken ran the railway. On the opposite shore lay the Ojord peninsula. In the Bjess fjord you could see the masts and upperworks of the ships sunk on April 10 outside Narvik harbour; the opposite shore consisted of the peninsula of Ankeness. The Germans were in occupation of Narvik as well as of the shores of the two fjords and of the Ojord and Ankeness peninsulas, so that before we could attack Narvik we had to capture and hold firmly the opposite shores of the lesser fjords.

On April 13 in a single daring operation the Foreign Legion forced a landing on the Northern side of Ojord, and fought their way forward until they occupied in depth the whole position along the shore of the Rombaken fjord. A few days afterwards a Polish brigade was sent to relieve a British unit on the Ankeness peninsula, which it held in part.

The weather had been uniformly superb; the sun, which was very hot during the daytime, had melted the snow in the meadows bordering the sea, and even in the sparse birchwoods that scaled the mountainside. Among the mountain-tops you could hear now and again avalanches which rumbled as they fell.

The legion had gone down to Ojord by road. The Colonel, his Intelligence Officer and I, a Liaison Officer, were to go by sea. In fact, during the night we had to carry out a reconnaissance in the Rombaken on the French cruiser *Milan*, with a view to establishing a base east of Ojord. Towards four in the morning, when our reconnaissance was over, and we had chosen Lilberg as a probable place to establish it, the *Milan* stopped in front of Ojord at the mouth of the Rombaken, and we were disembarked on to a "puffer". All the transport between the warships and the coast was done by these Norwegian fishing boats. The "puff-puff" of their gasping engines blowing out small clouds of smoke, suggested vividly the name which, no doubt, had been given them for other reasons. The Commander of the puffer was a British Officer, Lieutenant D . . . . He was with us that day, and he conducted us to the landing-place. Having left the puffer and climbed the ladders of the wooden pier we advanced over the planks, and were just reaching land, when bullets began to

whistle round our ears. We flung ourselves on the ground. Where did the bullets come from? Our first idea was that they had crossed the Rombaken, and came from the town of Narvik. "That's impossible", said the Colonel, as he crept along the path, "It's a machine-gun, and at two and a half kilometres they wouldn't make that noise—perhaps it's a bren gun".

A second volley put an end to the discussion. The bullets ricocheted against the walls, and they certainly came from behind us. We crossed the road one by one. A new volley of bullets. In front of us we saw, by a telegraph pole and behind a small hillock, a bren gun. "It's our own men who are firing at us"! Another burst of fire. Behind us it was vigorously answered. On reaching the top we recognized the *légionnaires*. "Which Company is that?" shouted the Colonel. "Fifth Company, *mon Colonel*." "What are your orders?" "To fire on anyone landing, *mon Colonel*". "Why did you miss me, then?" said the Colonel. The sergeant-gunner remained dumbfounded. "You shall have a quart of wine for having carried out your orders, and three days C.B. for having missed three officers at three hundred yards."

That was not the end. "Who's the other idiot who is firing from behind?" "It's from the puffer, *mon Colonel*". Everything became clear. Lieutenant D . . ., thinking we were in difficulties, had turned his bren gun in the direction of the telegraph-post. It finished by everyone laughing at the adventure, and we went off to look for the rest of the Staff Officers.

On Ojord itself the landscape resembled parts of the French *Côte-d'Azur*—it was nothing but pine-trees, steep rocks, and mosquitoes. We slept in holes among the rocks, and our councils of war were held outside a cave nicknamed *La Grotte aux singes* to which we retired during air-raids. From the rocky hills, while the troops formed up, we gazed endlessly at Narvik, seen this time in profile. Eastwards the mountain massifs and the railway disappeared in the direction of Sweden not far away. In front of us was the peak with its swastika flag. A rock-strewn plateau, about halfway up, stretched out in front before continuing down into the Rombaken in a tumbled mass of boulders near the last railway tunnel before the town. Westwards over the hilly ridges with their fringe of sea, now under our control, lay the town itself, a mass of squares with its red, yellow and white houses standing each in its garden. Still further to the West lay the fjord which led

to the open sea. In the distance, beyond the town and the unseen Bjessfjord, we could see in the haze the heights of Ankeness.

The attack was launched on April 28 at 0000 hours. The British warships opened fire direct upon the enemy's outworks. Two batteries of French colonial artillery and one Norwegian battery prepared the ground for the infantry assault. The sun threw in profile on to the mountainside opposite the shadow of the hills where we stood, and tinged the snow with purple. Then as it rose once more, it lit up a huge pillar of black smoke which had been started by the bombardment. The Germans replied from guns mounted on rails and from their no less mobile 77's. Under the arch of this crossfire our men crossed the Rombaken, embarking immediately below us in their armoured boats. The 77's kept up an accurate shelling against the landing-stage on Ojord, but in vain. They killed some of the officers, and scattered their men, and they also destroyed some of the boats. In spite of it all they scarcely succeeded in delaying the embarkation of our battalion.

The boats put in amidst machine-gun fire at a rocky cove right opposite, then unloaded and returned. The Legion leapt across the mountainside, seized one after another the holes among the rocks and clambered to the top of Orneset ridge regardless of their own shelling. Here among the splinters of our own artillery they sent up the rocket which was the signal for " Objective reached ".

The bridgehead thus established, the Colonel had himself ferried over in turn, without waiting for the remainder of his troops. A battalion of Norwegians crossed. Two tanks also crossed but when being put ashore got hopelessly bogged in the clayey beach.

According to the time-table the entire passage of the troops was due to be completed at 3 a.m. So far from this being so, at 3 o'clock there was still more than a battalion to come. The supply of ammunition was also behindhand. Liaison, reporting arrangements and the evacuation of wounded all presented difficulties. The British fighters which since 8 o'clock the previous evening had kept up an unremitting watch, had now stopped patrolling. The Norwegians and the Legion clambered up to attack the railway and the mountainous plateau about 1,500 feet high which came in front of the main peak (we named it Point 457). With the sea route closed to them and the mountaintops out of reach, this rocky tableland, pathless as it was, was the only way of retreat still open to the

Germans besieged in Narvik, and they defended its approaches fiercely.

To the southward, at the same moment, the Poles were attacking Ankeness.

A squadron of bombers appeared in the sky. They bombed the embarkation points, the lines of communication, the arrival beach, the transports and the warships. They hit the flagship and blew up an ammunition boat. In a word they scattered the transports and got on the nerves of the men. The first line were exhausted after their hard climb, with the sun in their eyes and an automatic weapon behind every rock, and badly needed a breather. The Germans who had meanwhile been filtering across the slopes leading to the plateau took advantage of this moment to counter-attack in force. By concentrating on the Norwegians (who were unseasoned troops in comparison with our men) they managed, about 9 a.m., to reach the stretch between the railway and Orneset ridge, and thus to enfilade by machine-gun fire from the flank, the first of the beaches where the men were disembarking. It was at this spot that the General's Chief of Staff was killed.

In broad sunlight, freshly shaved, the colonel watched the scene from a low hill. It was like looking at a screen on which the firing line was traced by the glitter of helmets and the tiny flashes of small arms fire. The Colonel called for someone to take down an order, but the N.C.O. who took it was wounded in the act of writing. The Colonel called for someone else. The order was the counter-attack. I am told that not a word of complaint was uttered by the officers ordered to counter-attack: but in their eyes you could see for a moment the thought, "It can't be done". Thirsty, with ammunition running out, exhausted after nine hours' fighting and hoisting their heavy weapons from rock to rock, first attacking, then counter-attacked, could the men possibly advance any further?

They could. The Legion hurled itself forward and the Norwegians with it. Plateau 457 was taken; and the Norwegian battalion went on down into Narvik, thus enjoying the honour of being the first to enter this Norwegian town.

Meanwhile the 2nd battalion of the Legion, which had finally crossed the fjord, was in process of taking the heights to the West and South of the town. Towards evening a company was sent along the shore of the Bjess-fjord, which next day made contact with the Polish troops on Ankeness.

The townspeople came to meet us with happy faces on which traces of astonishment still lingered. To our men they

brought bread, and bilberry jam, dried fish and water. It was all they had. In the main square at Narvik a rose-bush was in bloom. Someone started a fountain playing. Near the harbour the charred walls smelt of burning and of cold corpses.

The camp was set up on the knoll of Orneset. The Command did not want anyone but the Norwegians to occupy the town itself. We, therefore, settled on this hill, each man behind a rock; in fact there was nothing but square lumps of rock, with patches of grass and clumps of birches dotted about here and there. To reach the place from the shore was quite a climb—a rocky cliff to scramble up. The *légionnaires* were continually carrying up and down cases of ammunition and food and small casks of wine. Below were the boats, some drawn up on to the sand, the others farther out. Motor-cyclists rode along the edge of the beach to and from the town. In the fields near by the mules were devouring the fresh grass, enjoying a change from the hay and straw of the recent long weeks.

On the knoll itself, one rock served as the Colonel's office, another was the secretariat, and others again the officers' quarters. The orderlies and the pioneers sheltered in huts made of branches, and the various types of camouflage must have made the camp invisible to the enemy planes—at any rate in spite of their daily visits they never bombed the camp itself. The most exposed and picturesque spot was the Officers' Mess. At the very top of the hill there was a place free from trees with a flat stone in the middle of it. Round it were laid our tin plates, our forks and our mugs; there was room for twenty. We sat on rocks, on little tufts of moss, or on benches made by the soldiers. On one side there was a huge jagged boulder which the cook was using as his kitchen; the flames licked at it and blackened it. The cook, nicknamed *Manche de Pelle*,* refused to take off his rabbit-skin helmet with large ears. Standing by his burning rock, wielding his big ladle, he looked like a sorcerer preparing magic potions. The table might have served for some druidical sacrifice . . . . in fact it only served for the eternal *singe*.†

But one evening, if one can talk of evening in this land of perpetual day, the table witnessed a ceremony worthy of itself. Lieutenant D . . . . of the Royal Navy was to be made a corporal of the Foreign Legion. He was adored by the whole company. "Admiral of the Puffers", as we gaily nicknamed him, he had helped us all day and all night. He transported

*Spade-handle (nobody knows why).

†Monkey = bully beef.

provisions, men, mules, ammunition and wounded. He was always on the spot, always alert and always smiling; above all, he was very brave. During an affair which preceded the Narvik show, and where his job was only, when once on land, to act as liaison with the Navy, he had been one of the first to land, had taken a bren gun and had started firing with spirit. In the capture of Narvik he had saved some men on board a munition ship which was being bombarded; he had been to fetch some wounded men who had been forgotten in a ship near the shore. Everyone testified to his courage and devotion. Also, in his work of liaison between the Navy and the Legion he was well equipped with technical knowledge, was accurate and skilful. So it was decided to make him a corporal of the Foreign Legion. The Colonel read out the relevant article of the regulations; a button and a badge were conferred on him. A large tankard was brought, blackened with use. The Colonel filled it to the brim with wine, and the new corporal drank it as a true *légionnaire*.

I do not know if I shall ever see this officer again. But he was a living example of what tact, intelligence, goodwill and simplicity can do. Such intermediaries are always necessary between the Navy and troops which are being disembarked. When the Navy on the one hand, and the troops on the other, are of different nationalities, officers of this type are indispensable.

As a matter of fact, the co-operation between the Foreign Legion and the British Navy had, for the most part, been happy. During the battle for Narvik, we had even obtained from Commander H . . . . , who was in command of H.M.S. F . . . . , a concession rare in naval gunnery. This was firing in conjunction with the infantry, or at least on successive objectives as the infantry advanced. Generally, the Navy, owing to the flat trajectory of its guns, can only provide preparatory fire for the action of our infantry. Although at first he was slightly sceptical, he later became really interested. In the same way, in an affair which had preceded Narvik, we had had the idea of putting infantry mortars on the forward deck of H.M.S. H . . . . Their high trajectory could reduce enemy resistance, which a flat trajectory could not have done. Our officers and men had been received on board with charming hospitality, and had been given really useful help in setting up their mortars, a task by no means easy.

On May 31 the British Admiral came to congratulate the Legion. At his departure the guard of honour was

mounted by sixteen men—all that were left after the battle out of a section of 35. The bugle sounded. All at once the German bombers appeared. " Give me my tin hat " said the Admiral and went on with the review. As he was going calmly aboard his launch, half the town broke into flames.

The order to evacuate caught us in the midst of rejoicing over our victory and it lowered our spirits considerably. The news from France had been reaching us only in fragments and after much delay. Did it then spell disaster? How could we pass on to our victorious *légionnaires* the order to withdraw? How were we to justify our abandonment of them in the eyes of these kind and friendly people, the women who had started to sew a flag for us, the priests who had blessed our dead, all those who had so joyfully hoisted the French flag next to the Norwegian one?

Orders were orders. On June 6, between 10 a.m. and midnight we toured the advance posts. They were placed at the end of the Rombaken fjord, at varying levels, one above the other, from the railway right up to the topmost crests. We kept climbing up and down again, now crossing deep beds of moss thick with bilberries, now amongst birches. We jumped from rock to rock and sank deep into patches of snow. The mountain torrents sang aloud. A freezing wind whirled among the peaks. An enemy squadron whirled with it and machine-gunned us. Then it went rushing past to drop bombs on the railway line.

Despite the watchfulness of the enemy the re-embarkation was accomplished without incident. A muleteer implored us to let him take his mules with him, and a 25 mm.-gunner to rescue his gun, but in vain. The colonel was the last to leave the beach. As he did so a girl handed him a glass of milk.

The destroyer made for the open sea. On the afterdeck one of the last of our men to be wounded, who had died while being put aboard, lay waiting for the last honours to be paid him. The prayers were read, and the Legion paid their homage. Rifles fired a salvo into the air; they were the last French rifleshots to be heard in Norway. As it unfurled, the flag let fall into the waters of the fjord the body of the unknown *légionnaire.*

(Lt. Lapie was liaison officer between the Foreign Legion and the Royal Navy at Narvik. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre. The son of the late Rector of the Sorbonne, Lt. Lapie is a barrister at law, and from 1936 until 1940 was a member of the Chamber of Deputies.)

TORPEDO-BOAT-DESTROYERS

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

WITH the defeat of France, one important change has taken place in the war at sea. The enemy now has the use of the ports on the French side of the Channel, and those on the Atlantic. His facilities for the attack upon British trade are therefore increased. The system of convoys has been proving effective since it was put into operation, as the figures for the sailings and losses have shown. How far, then, has the downfall of France affected the security of the convoyed shipping? Two principal results are plain. The valuable services of the French navy are lost to us, and the enemy's light forces in the air and at sea are now able to strike at the trade in numbers, and with a continuity, which were impossible until he held the French aerodromes and ports.

The new type of torpedo-boat, which the Germans call the "E" boat now comes into operation. Until the French ports facing the Channel were in German hands the activities of these craft were confined to the Narrow Seas to the eastward of Dover Straits. Now we see them operating down Channel, sinking the transport *Meknes* on July 24, making a night attack and sinking three small vessels out of a convoy. This is a form of warfare advocated in the latter part of the nineteenth century by the French Admiral Aube and the *jeune école* of the French Navy. According to this school of thought the *poussière navale*, or hordes of small craft, operating from ports throughout the length of the French coast, would sally forth at night to attack merchant ships with their torpedoes. To meet this scheme of attack the British Admiralty of the '90's built "torpedo-gunboats"—vessels of from 500 to 800 tons, armed with light guns, and having better sea-going qualities than the French torpedo boats of the day. The general rule governing their use was that they would be sent off the bases of the enemy before dark and there remain until after daylight. The egress and the return of the torpedo boats would thus be rendered dangerous, particularly if the boats returned after dawn: and unless they did so prolong their stay at sea,

they had little time to do anything serious across the Channel or the English coast. These gunboats were, however, too big for the purpose, and the craft known as "torpedo-boat-destroyers" were evolved: vessels then of about 240 tons, principally gun-armed, and superior in offensive power, speed, and seaworthiness to the torpedo boat.

With the change in the political, and therefore the strategical, situation when eyes had to be turned from France to Germany, the uses of the "destroyer" changed. In the German navy she became primarily a sea going torpedo boat for tactical work with the fleet—the cavalry, as it were, of the fleet, which would attack the enemy great ships with their torpedoes. In the British Navy, the rôle assigned was primarily defensive: they were gun boats, to defend the fleet against the enemy's torpedo-boats. When the submarine came into the picture, the destroyer became a submarine destroyer. She was used to seek out the submarine with detectors and to escort the convoys. So long as the slow-moving submarine, which operated singly and was forced to submerge when in the neighbourhood of small fast surface craft, was the only enemy to be dealt with in the Channel, comparatively small numbers of escorting vessels were sufficient to defend individual convoys and to hunt down the attacker when his presence was disclosed by the detecting devices. With the advent of the new motor torpedo-boat, with her speed—in smooth water—of some 40 knots, a speed greater than that of the destroyer until the sea rises, the number of vessels needed for the defence of a convoy is likely to be larger. The modern destroyer, which has grown from the 240 tons of the original types to 1,500 and 1,800 tons has inevitably become a respectable target for the torpedo. So the need arises for great numbers of a new type of "destroyer"—a motor craft of a speed as high as, or preferably higher than, that of the enemy torpedo boats and with a gun armament that can rapidly destroy the fragile torpedo boat and deal with the direst enemy she has to encounter, the dive bomber.

The motor torpedo boat has been in existence for over twenty-five years—the British indeed having been the pioneers of the craft when it was intended to use them for attacks upon the German fleet in 1916. The Italians have since developed them in large numbers, making a great boast, at the time of the Abyssinian affair, of the threat they constituted to the British fleet in the Mediterranean. Hence it is natural to suppose that as the Germans would certainly produce similar

craft, this country will have furnished herself with the craft necessary to deal with them: for even though it may not have been expected that we should find ourselves in the difficult situation of to-day in the Channel, such boats would be of service to Germany in the Narrow Seas operating from Dutch or Belgian ports if, as was not improbable, Holland and Belgium were overrun by the enemy. A flotilla of gun-armed motor craft is therefore, it is to be presumed, in existence, capable of being used either in the direct defence of convoys or in the manner in which the old destroyer was intended to be used: though whether the latter is practicable under present conditions of air warfare can only be determined by those who have practical experience during these recent weeks.

One age-long lesson of convoy work needs to be borne in mind. Attacks on convoys almost invariably begin with small forces and are met by correspondingly small but sufficient defending forces. The enemy, naturally, increases the strength of his attack, the defenders the strength of his defence: and the numbers grow until from single vessels or squadrons of half a dozen or so, they reach the size of what may popularly be called "fleets"—and fleet actions ensue. Until the Channel ports were in enemy hands submarines only could operate, or occasional aircraft, and small escorts sufficed. It is now within his power, if he has the numbers, to operate with more numerous craft simultaneously: and, if he can pass larger units through the Straits of Dover, under the cover of his artillery on the coast of Picardy, it may not be only motor torpedo boats that will have to be met, but larger craft, in concentrations: to which it will be necessary to oppose larger concentrations and to co-ordinate to the full the action of the sea and air forces.

We find ourselves, indeed, in very much the situation in which we found ourselves in earlier times with simpler weapons. Either every convoy must be escorted with a force capable of meeting—and defeating—any probable concentrations of the enemy, or the enemy must be kept in check by forces, of adequate strength, operating off his ports as "a covering force" to protect the convoys against massed bodies while smaller detachments are used to escort the convoys and protect them against such craft, submarine, aerial or surface, as will be able to circumvent the covering body. It may well be that the latter course is not practicable to-day—it never proved possible to confine the German surface flotillas to their harbours in Flanders during the last war—in which case only

strong combined forces of surface craft, with the certainty of rapid reinforcement by air from the coastal command, will suffice.

The admirable persistence of the bombing squadrons in their attacks upon the fuel supplies in the enemy ports and upon the railways by which only, it is to be supposed, fuel can reach the ports, will have to be maintained: though it is too much to expect that supplies of fuél can be wholly destroyed or prevented from reaching the ports, the reduction of supply assists to reduce the number of craft which can be maintained.

But above all there should be a great and rapid increase in the gun-armed motor craft—the modern torpedo boat destroyer. It will have been observed that in one of the recent massed attacks, a convoy was attacked at night by the " E " boats, which sank three vessels and the next day by successive waves of aircraft: by whom two vessels were sunk and others damaged though not lost. The surface craft, thus, were shown to be more destructive than those in the air. Essential as it is that the numbers of aircraft shall increase, it is no less essential that the " destroyers " shall increase also: and in the supply of engines there must be no sacrifice in the needs of the motor boats. High speed craft are essential and need engines capable of attaining the speed required to overhaul the enemy: for a defence which merely beats off an attack is insufficient. The only defence that can be regarded as satisfactory is that which is capable of following up the enemy, and destroying him. No lesson of the convoy engagements of the old wars under sail, or of the last war with the submarine, is plainer than that the destruction of the enemy is essential. Without speed to overhaul him, destruction is impossible: without numbers no decisive results can be obtained.

YOUTH AND THE WAR

By Kenneth Lindsay, M.P.

NOBODY in this country has ever taken seriously the idea of a National Youth movement; indeed many persons and organizations have been seriously opposed to any such idea. It may, therefore, be worth while analysing some of the main reasons for this persistent attitude of mind, because they lie deep in the nature of our social structure and national habits.

Our educational system has grown up in severe response to economic demands, after years of pioneer activity by voluntary and religious bodies. It has been described as a chaos, but a chaos out of which order is constantly evolving. The central feature of the system is its lack of system. Waves of reform have followed each other, the school-leaving age has been raised peg by peg, statutory authority has been grafted on to ancient foundations, special aspects of the curriculum have been stressed according to the notions prevalent at the time, now technical studies, now physical training. For some thirty years a school medical service has been built into the structure, so that today there is a comprehensive system of examination and treatment open to every child in the country.

The position of the Board of Education itself is unique. True it has a long-term planning committee, known as the Consultative Committee, which was responsible for the Hadow and Spens reports; but the Board's function hitherto has been to suggest, to inspect, to circularize and to pay grants. Actual administration is in the hands of 315 Local Education authorities. There is no central purpose animating the national system, there is no central vetting of text-books : in fact, there is a firmly entrenched class basis for one important stream of schools which lie outside the control of the Board of Education. In addition to these complications, one set of schools is provided by educational authorities and another set by religious bodies. On the whole we are proud of much of this variety; the system with all its imperfections works; responsibility rests not only on authorities, but on individual

schools and individual teachers. Choice of books and much of the curriculum is devolved on Headmasters themselves, and we like to think of each school as a product of its local soil and genius, with a personality and life of its own.

So far there is not much atmosphere for a movement, because a movement implies dynamic ideas, social, religious or political, such as those behind the great continental movements. But there is another reason which militates against any unified National plan. The family is the bulwark of the social structure and considerable opposition exists to any artificial exclusion of certain age-groups from the life of the community. It is one thing for the boy to join a troop of Scouts, a Brigade attached to his local church, an old scholars' association, a local boys' club, or a Young Farmers' Club: it would be quite different for him to ally himself at the tender age of 15 or 16 with a movement sponsored by the State. For while the State subsidizes the various organizations mentioned above and also the Cadet Corps associated with the Army, Navy and Air Force, these are all voluntary bodies and no compulsion at present exists for a boy or girl to join anything.

What then are the dimensions of this problem? There are about 3,000,000 young persons between the ages of 14 and 20 in this country, of whom less than half a million attend some form of full-time education. While a network of voluntary bodies exists to cater for those remaining two and a half million, some sixty per cent. escape the attentions of their elders and live their adolescent lives untouched by further organized social or physical training. This figure has remained constant for the last twenty years and has always baffled educationalists and social workers.

This is not the place to describe the aims and objects of the various voluntary societies and religious bodies nor to estimate the success of the Continuation schools run by such firms as Cadbury and Reckitts or the town of Rugby, nor again to assess the valuable work done in evening classes, club-institutes and Youth centres. It is, however, important to realize that there is now abundant practical experience on which to base a national system, if there were a genuine public demand for such a system. There are great occasions, when some event of national importance, such as a Coronation or Jubilee, brings together the varied uniforms and organizations under one roof. It may be that demonstrations of physical exercises take place. But after the event, after the meeting or demonstration, there is no single, compelling idea strong enough to

weld together and hold the wide variety of endeavour represented by the many types of society. This may be unfortunate, but it is a fact. The 'progressive' educationalist has no doubt that the solution is to raise the school age to 16 and have compulsory continuation schools to 18. Meanwhile it is convenient to remember that the militia age has been fixed at 20.

There are then two and a half million young people between the ages of 14 and 20, working in factories, offices and farms who are the citizen of tomorrow. What efforts are being made to prepare them for the strenuous business of living in a democratic community? I am not concerned at the moment with the vocational studies or schemes of apprenticeship which educational authorities and firms provide. This work may be done in a technical institute, an evening class or a works school; it is of immense importance and at various points it impinges on the more general aspects of social and physical training. In the new Technical Colleges, such as those built in Middlesex and South-East Essex, which are attended by thousands of young people pursuing scores of different types of course, there is often a rich social life and a large number of social, dramatic and athletic societies.

It would be generally agreed that if the younger generation arrived at adult years with a fit body, a skill or trade, a sense of citizenship, the earlier efforts of compulsory education between 5 and 14 would not have been in vain. To-day we are very far from that laudable objective. But there exists the nucleus of a national organization and the basis of practical experience on which to build and extend.

After the decease of the National Fitness Council there was founded last autumn a National Youth Committee, representing in its personnel the main organizations concerned with young people. Throughout the country there now exist some two hundred Local Youth Committees, whose job it is to focus and inspire all the local efforts, without offending the independence and voluntary nature of the many individual bodies. This most desirable object has been achieved in many Counties and Boroughs, and there is now a recognized authority for assisting with finance, for pooling buildings and playing-fields and for organizing camps, schemes of Service and demonstrations. Physical training experts are provided on a national basis to assist local organizers, and it should be the task of the National Youth Committee to inspire and guide and stimulate a great National effort.

There is a place for every voluntary society, whether it be a

Catholic movement arising from denominational schools, a Cadet Corps, a Girls' Club, an Old Scholars' Association, or a Young Farmers' Club. The local Youth Committee knows neither sect nor party: its task is to find the greater unity, to encourage every genuine and proper effort, to assist with the training of leaders, to give expression to local genius and local patriotism. Numerous examples now exist like that of the East Suffolk Youth Service scheme and it is interesting to note that the impetus more and more is coming from the young people themselves. Over 80 squads have been set up in towns and villages. As the Chairman of the East Suffolk Education Committee has said, " In these squads a spirit of determination and comradeship is already evident and it is becoming abundantly clear that this spirit will continue long after the war ".

It would seem then that, as so often before, we have stumbled on a new and obvious fact of overwhelming importance to the future of the country. There has undoubtedly grown up something like a vested interest among many voluntary bodies, partly because of ancient history and associations, and partly because of religious denominations, but mostly because there has been too much patronage and influence from above, from an older generation. It is questionable whether in the future there will be adequate funds to finance so many different bodies, especially if they entail organizers and liaison officers on the present scale. But the young people have discovered in the bracing atmosphere of practical service, born at a time of supreme national crisis, an ideal and an objective, larger and more embracing than the differences which divide them. Similarly in the Youth centres, which more and more are proving to be the most successful local enterprises, I have seen a dozen different types of organization working happily under one roof. Such Youth centres can be seen at Southampton and elsewhere throughout the country.

There is gradually being evolved, in spite of every obstacle, a consciousness among young people that they matter, that they can give Service and that they must train and equip themselves for the responsibilities of tomorrow. It is no light task to guide and inspire such a movement. The hand of the State, whether national or local must not press too heavily on such a delicate instrument. Voluntary bodies must learn to see beyond the frontiers of their own particular precepts. Experiment is the life and breath of education, and in this province it is doubly true.

No years require more sensitive and suggestive guidance

than those between 14 and 20, when profound physical changes are happening, when religious and æsthetic impulses are flowering, when idealism is latent and waiting to be fired, when whole lives are made or marred. Undue regimentation is fatal, lack of standards is equally fatal. Leadership is needed from above, but must also be encouraged from below. Adventure is round the corner: it may be found in numerous ways, as Mr. Kurt Hahn has discovered in Morayshire, in sailing, in climbing, above all in achievement: it may also be found in the slot machine, in furtive and frustrated avenues and in organized and dangerous gangs.

I plead for a far more serious and sensible approach to this important problem. This is a part of the war effort, which more than anything else is part of the building of Peace. If out of this great crisis there is not born a new generation, animated and inspired by a finer sense of citizenship than anything we have known these last twenty years, how can we be worthy of the courage and sacrifice which is daily shown by our fighting men? There is much talk of new worlds and peace aims. Surely the time and place to start is with the younger generation who will have to take over the post-war world.

THE AMERICAN CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT

By Alistair Cooke

THIS is being written in the tense lull before the candidates back up to feel how solid is the wall of their support, before they fly at each other's throats with well-rehearsed spontaneous insults. The campaign is therefore hardly under way. Mr. Willkie has not yet made his acceptance speech, though he has waggishly confessed to a few farmers that he 'wanted the nomination', as distinct from Mr. Roosevelt who, only a few hours ago, addressing a turbulent and divided convention at midnight, declared he had been listening to 'that quiet invisible thing called conscience' and had thereupon decided from motives of 'sheer public duty' to accept his party's 'call to service'. At this stage, I think there can hardly be a better way of serving neutral readers than by reviewing the separate ways the two parties chose their man at Philadelphia and Chicago. For it is precisely the method of choice, and the steering motives involved, that are always ignored in reporting an American election for European consumption, a regular omission that has already caused, and will go on causing, the November election to be cheerfully oversimplified abroad in a roseate hue of national unity and anti-Hitlerism.

The campaign period was initiated by the President's acceptance speech and by that declaration about his conscience having won out over 'the personal desire for retirement'. There will be some bitter irony at the expense of Mr. Roosevelt's definition of 'conscience', for no statement of his position before the balloting started could have been more artful or politic than his message to the convention through its permanent chairman, Senator Alben Barkley. To have said six months ago that he had no wish to be a candidate again, that 'he has never had and has not to-day any desire to continue in the office' would have had a chance of acceptance as nothing less than the truth. To say it with delegates already in national convention, already instructed, helpless to devise new tactics or organize against what would have been

the bombshell impact of a refusal to run,—this only showed the President's wish to preserve intact to the very end of the convention the legend that his silence had been all along a symbol of disinterestedness. It was, of course, the mask of a brilliant and ruthless strategy that had forced his party leaders to postpone and postpone any other candidature, that had damned by indifference the legitimate political ambitions of his most loyal colleagues, including Secretary Hull, Postmaster General Farley, Attorney General Jackson, Paul McNutt, Vice-President Garner, and several others, that had forced them indeed for their own political security to acquiesce in the implications of the Roosevelt silence, that had ensured that the convention delegates should meet with no more freedom of movement or choice than that allowed by the vortex of the President's own wishes and future hopes. The strategy behind the Democratic nomination may appear to be a domestic concern but to ignore it would be to confirm the naïvety of non-American comment that assumes the President was drafted by the free will of his party and the clamant voice of democracy. The history of the way the delegates reacted to that strategy, how they attempted on the last day a revolt against it, is the best evidence there is of a chronic disunity in the Democratic party which the Presidential tactics long before Chicago may have aggravated beyond hope of victory in November.

During the past eight years, the barometer of Democratic party feeling has been, above everybody else, James J. Farley, the Irish-American Postmaster General and, more importantly, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. By a now historical cross-country tour in 1932, Farley's miraculous energy was devoted without stint to lining up every doubtful state, to oiling every city and state machine to ensure a Roosevelt victory. More than any other person, including Mr. Roosevelt, he put Roosevelt in the White House. In all sorts of political weather he has been the President's best guardian, counsellor, and campaigner. He has been, pardoning a more academic example, the Goering to Roosevelt's Hitler, warning his Chief of measures the party would not tolerate, indicating strategy, covering up indiscretions, always on hand to keep the party loyal to a strong-minded and often difficult chief executive. Others in the stormy days of the New Deal have forsaken or rejected Roosevelt's near-dictatorial power. In a crisis, Farley always supported the President, even when he privately shared the convictions of the dissenters. In 1936,

he again handled the Roosevelt campaign and assured the second term. During this long service, he became the centre target of New Deal criticism, for he handled the vast patronage barrel of the Administration the way the President wanted it done. He emerged from all this as a man who had so scrupulously neglected to take his own percentage that in mid-August he will resign from the national committee chairmanship and try to recoup his personal fortunes by becoming owner of the New York Yankees, the baseball club. If there was one man who could have made a third term possible, it was Farley. But here his party loyalty did not coincide with the President's ambition, or with its eager championing by Secretaries Hopkins and Ickes. He was, and remains, against the third term on the principle announced by Jefferson and conscientiously held by a great number of the delegates to the Chicago convention: namely, 'if the principle of rotation be a sound one, as I conscientiously believe it to be with respect to this office, no pretext should ever be permitted to dispense with it, because there never will be a time when real differences do not exist, and furnish a plausible pretext of dispensation.'

From the moment his stand became known, Jim Farley was quietly eased out of the inner circle counsels of the New Deal. In March of this year, he announced his own candidature when he allowed his name to be entered for the Massachusetts primaries, but the loyal proviso was added that 'of course it was understood' that if the President should decide to run, the Farley delegates would be his for the asking. The Farley candidature was never a serious thing but it showed that he was unwilling to manage a third Roosevelt campaign and was doing nothing to prepare the ground. The attempt to draft Roosevelt, if Farley had managed it, would have been so suavely done that nobody need have known the identities of the very practical politicians, trembling at the threatened withdrawal of Administration hand-outs, who were soon to put on a very powerful mimicry of 'the voice of democracy' calling on the nation's leader to recognize his own indispensability. As it was, the strategy was left in the less skilled hands of Senator Guffey and Thomas Corcoran, who hastened to press doubtful states into the 'draft' movement and tried to convince those already sympathetic but uncommitted that it was already an irresistible sentiment. Their efforts were successful enough to reverse the pressure, so that open appeals seemed to come (from the states most amenable to discipline) to pass third-term resolutions. This happened most notably in three states

with heavy representation in the Electoral College,—Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. But the technique was a trifle hurried and the Ohio newspapers caused a stir when they revealed that a 'dummy' delegation was about to be elected which was committed to the third term. Mayor Kelly, of Chicago, was a visitor to the White House and after a second luncheon there declared 'the people won't take no' for an answer.

It is of course quite possible that the people feel the emergency need of Mr. Roosevelt. Until the election is over there will be no proof of it and it is at the moment a guess into the nature of truth which will in no way excuse or deny the methods which are being adopted to make it come true. By the same wearisome dichotomy, American policy in Europe is made to seem suspicious because it is at present just what Hitler likes; it is not what it is for that reason and may still be the best policy for America. If it is understandably difficult for Englishmen to see this, it is difficult too for many Americans to believe that democracy needs Mr. Roosevelt when Mayor Kelly also says he needs him. And if the independent vote (a tricky entity that can be roughly put at around nine million) swings against Roosevelt this time, it will have been set in motion by the revolt against the professional politician. It was evident at Philadelphia and it may have been stimulated in non-Republicans by the identity of the strange bedmates who slightly over-publicised their passion for a third term. It will then appear that Mr. Farley's lack of zeal was the chief strategic factor and not Mr. Roosevelt's silence: except in so far as stubborn silence tends to exaggerate its opposite, so that we got to know rather too well the men who were not so silent on Mr. Roosevelt's behalf.

At any rate, when the delegates arrived at Chicago, Mr. Roosevelt's strategy had won. The nomination was his if not the election. But when they were able to compare notes, the delegations fell to wondering how they had accepted the doctrine of Roosevelt inevitability, when it was evident all round them that deep opposition to the third term and to the New Deal existed in their own ranks. They were too late to do anything but applaud the tiny figure of old Carter Glass, Virginia's ancient incorruptible, who came from a sickbed to say angry words against a bossed convention; to show in booing the naming of Henry Wallace for Vice-President that at least they protested at being made to swallow the President's ticket as well as his person; finally in staging the only genuine

'acclamation' of the day, they paid their genuine admiration to Jim Farley, whose loyalty was superb throughout and who, sensing a revolt, when the first ballot had decided the Presidential nomination, was the one to propose the nomination to be made unanimous. The resistance gave in before such an example, for if there was a Roosevelt lieutenant anywhere with cause for bitter resentment it was Farley. He chose however to hold the party together, for once Roosevelt was nominated he looked only to November. The rising revolt against Wallace's nomination was crushed by the knowledge that the President had issued an ultimatum by telephone that he would take Wallace and nobody else. The prospect of resisting, and of an unprecedented refusal of the President to run after receiving the nomination, was no less than the prospect of the party's ruin. The delegates knew it, Roosevelt knew it, and because the delegates knew he knew, they went home from Chicago shouting party unity and feeling resentment and rancour. The convention proceedings ended not with the President's theme song, *Happy Days Are Here Again* but with the fervid playing of *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*—a final tribute to the only leader for whom they could at the moment profess sincere devotion,—Jim Farley.

I have gone into the strategy of the 'draft' and the abortive attempt at Chicago to claim a Roosevelt victory 'by acclamation, because they together show the maximum strength of the Democratic party. This is not even now the same thing as Roosevelt's strength with the country. But there is material in the whole history of the third-term nomination which the Republicans can, and will, very profitably mine. If they can demonstrate vividly enough before November that the Roosevelt nomination is no guarantee of party unity, let alone of national unity, and can fan the suspicions of independent voters that the Democratic machine in several states was panicky for patronage more than for national security, then there will be no third term.

The proceedings at Philadelphia, though immensely exciting, were comparatively innocent, not from Republican virtue so much as from lack of opportunity. The very sordidness of the subterranean vitality at Chicago was what had been expected of the Republican Convention. One expected to see an opposition bereft of leadership and reduced to founding a campaign on a platform of unprincipled opposition to the President's leadership in foreign affairs, because it had been his leadership. The gruesome timing of the French collapse,

which came only a day or two before the Republicans met, first sobered and then galvanized them. In a sense, the Democrats suffered from the American recovery from that collapse. But Philadelphia was stunned into a sense of responsibility no Republican National Committee could ever have urged on them. Out of a denouement staged in Europe came the *deus ex machina*,—Wendell Willkie. Even more at Philadelphia than at Chicago, the physical threat to the American hemisphere was the issue, more fearful then because it was so new. In this atmosphere, the Republicans asserted what they had never met there to assert,—namely a resounding distrust of machine politics and professional politicians. It was easier for them, once the impulse was given, than it could be for the Democrats because after all they had the considerable advantage of being the 'out' party, and Republican machine scandals, as juicy in their day as any squeezed out of New Deal largesse, are remoter in the public mind. By the same token, Wendell Willkie has the lucky advantage of being unknown. The Republicans could claim, in a session of unexpected crisis, to speak for the ordinary bewildered democrat moving swiftly to one certainty,—to the resolve to ignore the American party system and start all over again. Many very case-hardened political writers were moved by the voice of the galleries at Philadelphia, as they were sickened at Chicago by the electrical amplification of a single voice to imitate a united cry for Roosevelt. The difference was simply that at Philadelphia, the galleries were unmanipulated, were aroused men and women of the ordinary population, and whenever some district leader sneered at Willkie as a four-year-old Republican, the galleries hissed like a plague of grasshoppers. If there has been heard such a thing as that over-recognized 'voice of democracy', then it was heard in Philadelphia the day Willkie was nominated more certainly than any place else.

The experience of both conventions has warned each party that the voters will tolerate less political manœuvring than at any time in living memory. That is why it has seemed to this correspondent fairly trivial to discuss at length the lines of attack that each side may be expected to take. Some may be mentioned here. Mr. Willkie will charge that the country's economic life has been squandered to buy off suspicions of an approaching American totalitarianism. He will stress that his is not a political campaign 'but a great crusade' to establish a united people, a rehabilitated economic life, and a national defence that no Hitler will dare threaten. If his campaigning

speeches have anything like the vigour, the practicality, and the keen simplicity of the few speeches that he has made, he is going to be extremely hard to beat. And again the most interesting 'line' is that of the party on the defensive. Mr. Roosevelt may not make so much of Mr. Willkie's Wall Street and utility company connections as some of his lieutenants. But his acceptance speech hinted the line of stress,—a determined play on the fear that the security of the United States may be handed over, at a crucial time, to 'the untried hand'.

On the foreign issue, which is paramount only so long as Britain appears to be losing, there is no difference in theory and principle. There is the important difference in practice,—if there is time to indulge the luxury—that Mr. Roosevelt is not a brilliant industrial executive and Willkie is. If the crisis of Britain comes late enough to be handled by a newly elected President, the people may well feel they have gained much in acquiring a new President with the special leadership required, and moreover a man who will not promise the besieged more than he can give them.

If the crisis comes too soon, that is by the end of the summer, then the election is almost an anachronism. The President, meaning President Roosevelt, will ask for national support and the people will rally round him. At this moment of writing, the situation is briefly this: the President has made a great show of understanding the defence problem; he has the knack of approaching billions of dollars with a gesture and a word of courage that seems often to translate the wish into the fact. But so far there is no positive proof that the defence problem is radically understood, or that these appropriations are not an expensive American way of whistling in the dark. So long as the American defences are untested the country may believe that the best is being done. But if a strategic location in this hemisphere was lost to a Nazi or Japanese coup, the country might demand the drafting of Willkie into the Roosevelt cabinet.

FRANCE IN REVERSE

By W. Horsfall Carter

IN tabular form the *News Chronicle* on June 26 instanced the striking parallel between the fate of France in 1870-71 and the *débâcle* of this summer—so striking that it will bear reproduction.

1870-71	1939-40
Minister of War assured Napoleon III. that "there did not lack to the French Army one button on a soldier's gaiter".	The French Army was assumed to be the finest fighting machine in the world and General Gamelin the finest strategist in France.
The Third Empire was a luxurious and complacent capitalism that relied on a rigid censorship to mask unpalatable facts.	The Third Republic was a luxury-loving and complacent capitalism that relied on a rigid censorship to mask unpalatable facts.
The war was undertaken as a direct result of German trickery in diplomacy, the Bismarckian policy of aggression and the Nietzschean philosophy of force.	The war was undertaken as a direct result of German trickery in diplomacy, the Hitlerian policy of aggression and the Nietzschean philosophy of force.
The war was fought by a complacent clique of generals steeped in the tradition of the glories of the first Bonaparte, and ideas 60 years out of date.	The war was fought by a complacent clique of generals steeped in the tradition of the glories of Marshal Foch—and ideas 20 years out of date.
The war was fought by generals so riveted to the Old School Tie tradition that no new ideas, advocated by imaginative civilians or soldiers not in the clique, could obtain consideration.	The war was fought by generals so riveted to the Old School Tie tradition that no new ideas, advocated by imaginative civilians or soldiers not in the clique, could obtain consideration.
The war was lost in 6 weeks.	The war was lost in just under 6 weeks.
The decisive point of the war occurred at Sedan.	The decisive point of the war occurred at Sedan.
The French Armies allowed themselves to be enclosed in fortresses: notably Metz.	The French Armies allowed themselves to be enclosed in the Maginot Line: based largely on Metz.
Paris fell—after a siege.	Paris fell—without a siege
A provisional Government was created to negotiate peace.	A provisional Government was created to negotiate peace.
The capital was shifted to Tours.	The capital was shifted to Tours.
A National leader arose branding surrender as shameful; his name—General Leon Gambetta.	A National leader arose branding surrender as shameful: his name—General Charles de Gaulle.
The German Army of Occupation settled down in France, with H.Q. at Versailles: proudest spot in Old France.	The German Army of Occupation settled down in France with H.Q. in Compiègne: proudest spot in new France.
The terms imposed on France by Bismarck were regarded by the world as iniquitously severe.	The terms imposed on France by Hitler are regarded by the world as iniquitously severe.

To a thoughtful Frenchman any such brutal analysis must be gall and wormwood indeed. Yet it is only bitter confirmation of what he has been feeling in his bones for the best part of twenty years. And this fact—this sense of impending disaster—is perhaps the first of the essential clues to the mind and mood of France to-day. How many of one's French friends have declared with a grim solemnity, contrasting strangely with the surface cynicism which is their way, that this was the last war France could ever fight. And the accent of their watchword "*il faut en finir*" was something very different from that tone of confident determination which we in our island immunity are wont to adopt.

It is an over-simplification to call this attitude one of defeatism. Certainly the motley collection of political figures who have contrived to hoist Marshal Pétain into his uncomfortable Presidential seat are all men identified with policies of appeasement. But their conviction that in 1939 the country was neither technically nor economically equipped for another round in the century-old Franco-Prussian war would have been of little account if it had not been supported by the prevalent mood of fatalism and disillusionment. The second fact therefore to be noted is that the French nation, which, in the words of Gambetta's paper *La République Francaise*, "entered the Republic backwards" is now rushing out of it helter-skelter—with the help of the Nazi jackboot, it is true, but experiencing a distinct sensation of relief—in a queer sub-conscious way hugging its chains. A seventy-year old Constitution could be voted out of existence in seventy minutes not because of any especial admiration for Pétain the grave digger, or Laval the sexton, but because a Constitution is, after all, the expression of a state of mind, and the Liberal, rationalist, secularist charter under which Frenchmen have been living for the past half-century had ceased to reflect psychological reality.

Yes, it is of the utmost importance to recognize, I think, that, however humiliating the circumstances, a very large number of ordinary Frenchmen regard the passing into history of the Third Republic as a liberation. The sun of France will rise again, assuredly, but for the moment the kindest and indeed the only service that her friends outside can do is to face the facts, understand them as best we can and prepare our minds for an efflorescence of the French genius very unlike that picture of "France" which we in our generation have derived from ever closer association with the *political* representatives of that now *dis*-established order. Let us take to heart the

message of M. Georges Bernanos transmitted through the French radio service in London "*restons lucides, coûte que coûte*"; and, above all, when we dream dreams and see visions of the Europe after the war let us avoid linking our thoughts and aspirations overmuch to a static conception of France imparted by the hapless *émigrés*, which is likely to be as remote from the real thing as Weimar Germany from the Germany of to-morrow. (General de Gaulle, to whom all honour, has been extremely well advised to build up his legion of helpers for our cause free from any political connections.) Our task is still indeed the liberation of the French soil from the Nazi yoke. But it is not for us to anticipate in any way the lay-out of the kind of political mansion which the Frenchmen of our day may wish to erect. Nor should we be too scornful of those homely virtues which Marshal Pétain and his colleagues are preaching to their fellow-countrymen. *Le labeur* (which, surely, should be translated husbandry and not work) *la famille* and *la patrie* reflect accurately enough the aspirations of the ordinary Frenchman after a lost war for which *he* was not responsible, and after the collapse of the very dogma of the nation-State whereby France has exercised her sway throughout Europe since the Revolution. In the words of a free Frenchman writing in *The Spectator* on August 2:

> The Frenchman of France is angry at having been beaten by the Germans. He is ashamed of having made that defeat possible by past errors. He is selfishly relieved after ten months of physical sufferings for himself, of difficult economic circumstances for his wife and children, at sitting down by his fireside in slippered feet. Who would under-estimate the attraction of slippers, after ten months of boots and puttees? He is relieved at being able to till his fields, to take stock of his shop, to gather up the social threads of an interrupted life.

Nor, mark you, does he cherish any illusions about his German conquerors and their wiles. He knows that Hitler has grandiose plans for the undoing of the Treaty of Westphalia of 1648 and that he will go to any lengths to pursue his fell purpose of disintegration. He realizes that the food situation in unoccupied France is going to be acute, if the invaders require the strict observance of Article 17 of the Armistice terms setting up an economic Chinese wall between the two sectors symbolized by 'Paris' and 'Vichy'—and that, so long as the ascendancy of Germany lasts, there is no choice for France but integration within a Continental system of production and exchange serving Nazi ends. But the native qualities of critical sense and stubbornness have not deserted him along with those who called themselves his leaders. The

German campaign of seduction is doomed to failure. After all, enemy occupation is not a new experience. For four years, from October, 1914 to October, 1918, large areas of the north of France were securely held by the German invaders, even though the actual number of inhabitants remaining was relatively small. Mr. Hoover, not mincing his words, described the north of France at that time as one big concentration camp. Now, of course, the Germans can—and will practise all kinds of refinements of cruelty in the relations they will enforce between occupied and unoccupied France—with the threat of total occupation suspended like a sword of Damocles over the heads of their victims. But they have not yet won the war.

Moreover, as J. A. Spender has reminded us,† the French have a tradition of political upheaval, they are accustomed to looking upon political forms as frail and impermanent in a way that we in this country with our six centuries of parliamentary history cannot readily understand. There is urgent need—if we are to see clearly and judge rightly, new trends in " captive " France—for historical perspective. Fortunately just at the very moment when it is most needed we have the desired illumination in the massive volume—and racy narrative—by D. W. Brogan,* which has recently been published.

That the Third Republic, as it emerged from the National Assembly following 1870, was essentially a stop-gap régime we all know. How fortuitous was the victory of those elements which had no use for either Empire or Monarchy, however, has probably never been better brought out than in the earlier sections of Mr. Brogan's book. We have to realize that the ideas of the French revolution—the banner of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*—had in any case impregnated only a bare majority of Frenchmen. A Monarchist restoration was just as much ' in the nature of things ' in the France of sixty or seventy years ago as any vehicle of parliamentary democracy. It was the Monarchists themselves who threw the game away. Such was the bitter feeling underlying any ostensible collaboration between the supporters of the Comte de Chambord and those of the Orleanist Pretender, next in succession, that it was possible for Gambetta, for example, to contrive an alliance between his Radical following and the Legitimists for the election of the 75 permanent senators—to the discomfiture of the Orleanists. Some of those same Legitimists were to prove the most active supporters of the policy of accommodation (the

†*Sunday Times*, July 21st, 1940.

**The Development of Modern France.* Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

Ralliement) which Pope Leo XIII decreed for his Catholic flock—and which really served more than any other factor to cement the régime. They have their lineal descendants in the parliamentary group which took the name of Popular Democrats—whereby the social forces of Catholicism were brought in to play their part in the Republic.

On the subject of the *Ralliement* Mr. Brogan has some deeply interesting pages—*cf.* the enthusiastic efforts of Marc Sangnier and his colleagues with *Le Sillon* to bridge the gulf that first 1789 and later the anti-clerical excesses of the First Republic had left. The outcome of the Dreyfus affair is commonly represented as a victory for the "Left"—as indeed it was in a formal sense. Disestablishment of the Church, effective control of the Orders and the prohibition on their teaching—all this harvest of the decade 1900-1910 may be acclaimed as what M. Combes no doubt regarded it "the extirpation of the clerical menace". But, as Mr. Brogan reminds us, there is another side to the picture. The Church suffered far less from the separation than had been anticipated. Indeed

> The effects of freedom were often bracing; a new missionary spirit was awakened among the clergy and the old bureaucratic attitude grew less common. In varied ways, the Church tackled the problem of keeping a hold on the people. It organized women's clubs in the country; it organized boy scouts; the Christian trade unions gradually freed themselves of the crippling association with the employers; and, in every department of life, the one great organization that could compete with the French State showed its renewed life.

I emphasize this because behind the discredited façade of Parliament, unquestionably the one force which has continued to gain in prestige and influence these past ten years, to offer hope of better things in place of the utter rottenness of "politics" has been Catholicism. "Only the Communist Party", says Mr. Brogan, "can show comparable vigour in winning and serving the young".

Little has been written in this country outside the Catholic press—which is read only by Catholics—on this subject of the come-back of the French Church. People are vaguely aware that under the inspiration of Cardinal Verdier no less than a hundred churches, in interesting style, were built in the Paris area. But perhaps they do not appreciate what that signifies. Then in town and country the Catholics were making steady progress in building up a working-class organization. During the *Front Populaire* years the strength of the Christian trade union movement swelled to half a million. The similar organization in rural districts, despite the difficult material

problem of maintaining the parish priests at all, could boast some 140,000 members. (A new Catholic movement the *Jeunesse ouvrière catholique* was launched in 1927 and attained in twelve years the respectable figure of 250,000 stable membership.) They could not compete of course with the big battalions of the C.G.T. or with the *cadres* of the established Radical and Socialist parties. But that they were fast becoming a force to be reckoned with in any consolidation of French democracy is clear enough from the defence with which leaders of the Radicals like M. Daladier and M. Chautemps began to treat them. It was M. Daladier who saw the traditional democratic forces and this Christian Social element working on parallel lines to scotch fascism, should it ever come to rear its ugly head in France. And Cardinal Verdier responded handsomely with his affirmation that Republic and Church were united in defence of

> The finest part of the moral heritage of humanity, the eminent dignity of the human person and the sacred right of liberty. The Church obeys her divine mission and France her long tradition. The Church, the great democracies, France and her Empire, are to-day the defenders of the Christian order in the world. Together they wish to preserve that Christian civilization which consists in equality, fraternity, justice and charity.

And even the ordinary English student of public affairs has heard of the various Catholic publications, e.g. *L'Aube*, *Temps Présent*, *Esprit*—which have sprung up in recent years without any tinge of that black reaction with which in politics the Church is commonly associated.

Now there is hope for France if these elements, sooner or later, get their chance of leading the ' renewal through eclipse ' which is evidently the mystical inspiration of men like General Weygand (who, anyway, was chiefly concerned to keep his army intact) and perhaps of M. Paul Baudouin. At present the omens are not propitious. And in any case the Germans will be on the look-out to suppress anything that savours of a genuine democratic spirit. But their time will come—and they are accustomed to working discreetly, stealthily indeed, to avoid a clash with the established order. The greater scope for regional life, the proposed creation of provincial assemblies by the Pétain régime, will be all in their favour. (The Catholic traditions of Brittany, La Vendée and the Basque Departments are essentially popular.)

In the meantime what we are likely to see in France is the re-appearance at a higher level, so to speak, of those various designs for twentieth-century living which emerged when the

State was sick, but not mortally sick, in 1934. Writing in this Review in November, 1934 I suggested that the shock of the impact of Nazi Germany had brought about a situation, in France as in England, where " the people " was waking up and rubbing its eyes in amazement at the discovery that the family mansion of parliamentarism had been for years decaying from internal dry rot. February 6 disclosed, it did not in any sense create a general *malaise*, and the one conspicuous feature of a confused situation when Papa Doumergue was called in to try the effect of his bedside manner was the unpopularity of Deputies (and Senators) as a class. There were the various *ligues* and associations and guilds each vying with the other in its promises to restore to French public life the qualities of probity and cleanness which seemed to be at a discount. By the side of these extra-parliamentary forces bidding for the succession of the old gang of party politicians there were splutterings of revolt against the "money power", together with a growing belief that, in accordance with the *Zeitgeist*, France's future must be cast in a national and social mould (whereupon any such prophets were at once dubbed 'fascist' by their opponents.) In the summer of 1934 increasing support was being given to the idea of establishing a new Constituent Assembly which would be empowered to draft a corpus of constitutional changes more far-reaching than any suggested by M. Doumergue. All this charivari at the time came to nothing. But it did at any rate reveal the ominous fact that the politicians with their well-geared party machines were living in a world apart from the dynamic elements of the country which were open to new ideas. In face of the danger threatening their interests and their cherished dogmas the parties of the Left closed their ranks and produced that 'People's Front' which M. Gaston Bergery had preached in vain six months or a year before.

Of these forces of renovation well represented by that little known monthly magazine of M. Henry de Jouvenel, the *Revue des Vivants*, what remains to-day? The neo-socialist fraction, split up further into the adherents of M. Adrien Marquet, now a power in the land, and M. Marcel Déat, like M. Laval an astute son of Auvergne; relics of the Old Comrades organizations which presumably now have little *raison d'être*, but which were specifically mentioned by M. Laval when he talked the other day of a pledge given by the Government to put the new constitution before the nation for ratification; various minor groups standing for renewal—in many cases

with a Catholic content;—and finally the well-knit mass-organization of Colonel de la Rocque, i.e. the *Croix de Feu* disguised as the *Parti Social Français*. The last-named, I notice, has showed distinct courage in the attitude of his paper towards the Germans and refuses to join in the disgraceful hunt for scapegoats which is reflected in the trials of M. Mandel and others for 'war guilt'.

It is too early to say what part these forces of renovation can play, or will be allowed to play, in the reconstruction of France that lies ahead. What, I think, may be affirmed is that the ideas which they reflect will be tried out. The fact is that for the time being in France, whether we like it or not, the word 'parliament' or 'democracy' is a Jonah. Any propaganda sent across the channel should start from that basis. (Democracy, to us, is a vague concept, synonymous with freedom of speech and a general absence of the grosser forms of coercion. It is associated in our minds with a particular system of representation which has developed organically from several centuries of vigorous local self-government; we conveniently gloss over those *social* facts of the community-life of the United Kingdom which make the use of the term a mockery. On the Continent the social content of democracy has been vindicated while in its political connotation it is sadly discredited.)

That we should work for the liberation of the French people, well and good. But if it were a question of restoring the old gang we must not expect any thanks. Indeed the anti-British feeling which Mm. Pétain, Laval and the rest have sought to capitalize may derive to some extent from the identification in Frenchmen's minds of our parliamentary system and our distinctive democratic tradition with their own. The Frenchman, ever prone to narcissism, is scarcely likely to make any nice distinctions. In the main, however, the feeling of very many Frenchmen to-day about this country is the backwash from the sorry tale of French foreign policy. For fifteen years after the last war France stood sentinel of a possible Federal Union of Europe,—which is in the womb of contemporary history, as Briand saw, but which cannot be brought forth unless Britain plays the part of midwife. For fifteen years, however, the story of British policy *vis-à-vis* the Continent was one of shirking responsibility. We islanders simply refused to learn to 'speak European'. What wonder that by the beginning of 1935 French patience was exhausted, and men of various sections of opinion were ready to applaud the enterprise of M.

Laval in turning towards Signor Mussolini and seeking to secure the alliance of France's Latin sister against the might of Germany. Great was the indignation in this country at the conduct of M. Laval before and during the Abyssinian war —the same sort of righteous indignation which one noticed last year when Stalin proved unwilling to play *our* game. But there were plenty of people in France besides M. Laval who felt that her only hope was a *modus vivendi* with Italy and that the British connection, at that time tenuous enough, had done France precious little good. And when it came to a showdown over the Rhineland the behaviour of the British Government *and* public opinion, on the Left particularly, appeared to justify all the worst apprehensions of the pro-Italian elements. In due course M. Blum appeared on the scene, behind him the shadow of Communism—and there was the additional complication of the Spanish war. By that time France's position was substantially weakened, and M. Blum could do little more than follow in the wake of British *im*policy. (Those were the days when the wags talked of Britain gracefully consenting to accord France Dominion status—and so on!) Is it surprising that there grew up a smouldering resentment against Britain and all her works? I need not go into recent history to indicate other sources of disaffection which were discreetly cloaked in the official mantle of Anglo-French co-ordination. If our Government had been ready for a scheme of organic union with France a year ago it might nevertheless have had the most fruitful consequences. When, however, the Union was offered by Mr. Churchill at the twelfth hour and presented in a manner which patriotic Frenchmen could only regard as faintly patronising, this was the last straw. (After all, British diplomacy with its policy of *bascule*—it was Castlereagh who contrived the placing of Prussia on France's eastern frontier—bears a heavy share of responsibility for the intermittent power-contest between Teuton and Gaul.) At all events the current now flows away from Britain, and only military triumphs on Britain's part can check it.

The new France is bound, then, to woo Fascist Italy. It cannot be said that up to now the latter has been the least responsive to French advances. If, however, the notes of the saxophone still predominate in Italian orchestrated comment, we should note that the Pétain Government has been hailed with a flourish of trumpets in the other Rome. Did not the leading article in the *Osservatore Romano* of July 8 write of " the dawn of a new radiant day not only for France but for Europe and

the world"? Undoubtedly such genuine support as the Pétain régime enjoys among Frenchmen comes from those who are indulging in hopes for a great Catholic revival. Haunted by the spectre of Communism Catholics everywhere are prone to welcome any régime which inscribes on its banners the anti-Liberal triad of authority, order and discipline. Nor are they averse from the chance of an increase in the Vatican's temporal power. It is easy for us to laugh at the Latin nations *bloc* idea propounded by M. Laval. You may regard it, if you like, as one last desperate effort to effect sometime, somehow a balance of forces with Germany. M. Baudouin and others, however, are imbued with a genuine *mystique* relating to the bond of Christianity binding the Latin peoples. What people over here are liable to forget is that in recent years there has developed in France, as in Spain, a whole philosophy of history with a militant Catholic tinge—which now seems to be coming into its own. It is anti-British, anti-Prussian (Bavaria and the Rhineland are expected to re-join the Catholic fold) and, of course anti-Russian. Among those champions of Catholic Mediterranean culture—whose rhetoric has gone largely unreported in our daily or weekly Press—there is a whole litany and commination service about the 'defence of the Occident' against the corrosive influence of Bolshevism and so on. M. Henri Massis' famous book with that title was the first outburst. Then, later, came the violent manifesto of the group of right-wing intellectuals at the time of the Abyssinian war, upholding the right of Italy, "our Latin sister" to bring civilization to a backward Ethiopia and raging against the British pressure for 'sanctions'. Since that time, it is true, except for occasional hurrahs for the Christian General in Spain, these heralds of resurgent Catholicism have kept out of the limelight. They have been biding their time. It is in these circles that you find that extreme bitterness against Britain and 'Anglo-Saxon' ways which inspired articles like that of M. Henri Béraud in *Gringoire*. Underlying the cult of Catholic and Mediterranean values is a notion that Britain, as the cradle of the Reformation, is the source of all the evils of disintegrating Liberalism that have flowed from it. There is no certainty that these opinions will make any great headway in the new France. But it would be well for us in this country to beware of facile chatter about French Fascism and to think about new developments there not so much in terms of a counter-revolution as of a general atmosphere of Counter-Reformation.

THIS WAS NOT DEMOCRACY

By Arthur Mann

LET us turn our minds back for a moment to the summer of 1931, the summer which preceded the great financial crisis and the formation of the National Government. The world was wallowing in the trough of a vast economic depression, in nearly every civilized country abundance had given place to scarcity, and unemployment figures had risen with alarming rapidity. For most Englishmen it was not a happy time that summer of 1931 as we watched our dividends vanishing, or tramped the streets looking for a job. Yet though we longed wistfully for a return of the age of comparative plenty which had come to so abrupt an end, we still enjoyed the blessings of a real peace and were untroubled by the fear that some State more powerful than our own might suddenly threaten our security.

It was unthinkable that Britain should be involved in a conflict with the U.S.A. or France, although we had frequent causes of disagreement with both. In Europe the supremacy of the Western democracies was unchallenged. Germany, in spite of her efforts to rearm in secret, was in no position to attack any of her neighbours. In Czecho-Slovakia, Britain and France had a powerful friend, and none of the Balkan states could afford to ignore the wishes of London and Paris. As for Italy, there were few men in this country, who in 1931 regarded her as a potential enemy, and there was none who feared the newly created Fascist armies: we had not forgotten Caporetto. Soviet Russia seemed in no mood to disturb the peace of Europe, and she had but recently been admitted to membership of the League of Nations: M. Litvinov was already making a name for himself at Geneva as an outspoken champion of collective security. There remained a solitary power strong enough to cause the more far-sighted amongst us a moment's uneasiness. Japan had not yet started on her career of murder and conquest, she was however preparing to invade Manchuria, and thus set in motion the tragic sequence of events which has resulted in the collapse of international order. But although the inhabitants of Australasia may have

viewed Japan's military preparations with alarm Englishmen paid scant attention to developments in the Far East, which it seemed could have little influence on European affairs. In any case the U.S. had a large navy in the Pacific, which combined with our own Far Eastern squadron was quite sufficient to keep Japan in order.

Yes, we felt secure in the summer of 1931, so secure indeed that our Government was preparing to participate in a disarmament conference to be held at Geneva in the following year. It was hoped that all the great powers would agree to a substantial measure of arms limitation; the idealists even talked of the total abolition of the instruments of war. The League of Nations was in its heyday: peace loving people of all countries saw in it the magic remedy for the malaise with which the world had been afflicted at the beginning of the century, and it was widely believed that the advent of the League had made another war between civilized nations impossible. As year after year in every village and in every town the people of Britain and France were gathered together on Armistice Day to remember those who had laid down their lives in the Great War, it seemed indeed that their sacrifice had not been in vain. They really had made the world safe for democracy, it had been a war to end war. These catch phrases at which we laugh to-day were uttered with all seriousness at the beginning of the thirties. Previous wars, it was urgued, had been trivial affairs involving only small professional armies, but the experience of 1914-18 had proved that modern warfare was infinitely more horrible and more far reaching in its effects. Henceforth no nation would allow its rulers to drag it into war: the progressive democratization of the world was a guarantee of lasting peace.

We have no need to remind ourselves of the events of the summer of 1940: the situation, in which we now find ourselves, is reminder enough. Britain stands alone, an embattled fortress confronted by a hostile continent, where there is not a single state that dare call itself openly our friend. One by one our allies have been shattered or seduced by a second Napoleon, who commands the obedience of millions of human machines trained for a single purpose—war. At the disposal of the Nazi conqueror are all the vast resources of Europe—Rumanian oil and French coal, Spanish iron ore and the farmlands of Denmark. Nor is it this island alone whose security is threatened by a foreign invader. Another conqueror, who has cast himself for the rôle of Cæsar, has concentrated his

troops on the borders of Egypt and has already attacked British possessions in East Africa. The military clique, which directs the policy of the Japanese Empire, has given ample proof that it will not hesitate to oust us from the Far East if it can do so without fear of reprisals.

Thus has that security, which but a few years ago seemed assured, vanished as it were overnight. The causes of this tremendous transformation of the world scene, which has taken place within the short span of nine years, are indeed too numerous and complex to be easily assessed: their roots stretch far back into history. But there is one feature of the change which will puzzle the historians of the future. How was it, they will ask, that Britain and France allowed the balance of power in Europe to be completely reversed in a few years? How was it that Germany, twice already within a lifetime, the disturber of European peace, was able to recover from the impotence to which she had been reduced by the treaty of Versailles, and to build up a might far greater than that which she had possessed in the days of the Kaiser? It is to these questions that "Cato" attempts an answer in *Guilty Men.**

The book is an indictment of our political leaders based on irrefutable facts. The men, whom he accuses, were charged by the electorate with the government of the country and with the direction of British foreign policy during these nine critical years. Some of them have held high office continuously since 1931; all—with the exception of Sir Horace Wilson and Captain Margesson—have at one time or another during this period held key posts in the National Government. Each one of these politicians must as a member of that Government bear a measure of responsibility for the disastrous foreign policy which made war inevitable, and for the fact that when war came this country was unprepared to face it. It is no answer to this accusation to say that Hitler's triumph has been made possible by the inherent weaknesses of the democratic system. The vital decisions in the two spheres of foreign policy and rearmament were taken not by the people of Britain, but by the men whom they had chosen as their leaders. The National Government was returned to power in 1935 on its pledge to uphold the principle of collective action against aggression, yet as soon as it had won the election it considered itself free to pursue a policy directly contrary to that for which the electors had cast their votes. If Mr. Baldwin was convinced at the time of the Abyssinian conflict that it was not in the

*Guilty Men. "Cato." Gollancz. 2s. 6d.

interests of the country that collective security should be upheld, it was his plain duty to appeal to the country for a fresh mandate. In failing to do so he violated a fundamental principle of representative democracy.

As for rearmament, it is a technical matter, about which detailed information cannot be imparted to the country. Considerations of security make it inexpedient to publish the details of our defences, but it is the duty of the men who know the essential facts to lay before the electorate the broad outline of the situation and to consult them on the general policy to be adopted. This the National Government did not do. "Cato" convicts it out of the mouth of its leader; he quotes a pronouncement made by Mr. Baldwin to the House of Commons towards the end of 1936 (page 37)

> From 1933 I myself and my friends were all getting very worried about what was happening in Europe.
>
> I asked myself what chance was there of this country where the feeling expressed at Fulham was so common, being so changed in the next year or two that the country would give a mandate for rearmament?
>
> Now supposing I had gone to the country and had said "Germany is rearming: we must rearm." Does anyone think that this pacific democracy of ours would have rallied to that cry? Not at that moment.
>
> I cannot think of any change which would have made the loss of the election, from my point of view, more certain.

In other words Mr. Baldwin deliberately concealed from the country the fact that German rearmament already constituted a threat to our security, because he feared that such a revelation would be unpopular and might prejudice the success of his party at the General Election. That is not democracy. Small wonder that the people of Britain, fondly imagining themselves to be secure, did not favour heavy expenditure on armaments. Had they been aware of the true position they would not have been content with the state of our defences. Had not Mr. Baldwin himself in May, 1935, stated that "no Government in this country could live a day that was content to have an Air Force of any inferiority to any country within striking distance of our shores?" Again and again during the years 1931-9 ministers of the National Government countered with soothing assurances the growing suspicion amongst the public that Germany was outstripping us in the armaments race. Many times had Mr. Churchill given expression to this disquietude in resounding language. He was rebuked by Mr. Chamberlain ("Among Mr. Churchill's very great qualities I cannot find that judgment is pre-eminent.")

Said Mr. Chamberlain in the Autumn of 1937 " I am glad to say that this preparatory stage (in the rearmament plan) is now practically completed and that production has begun in earnest ". A few months later his voice was still more confident: " The country is strong, she is getting stronger every day ". In March, 1938, the very month in which Hitler invaded Austria, Mr. Chamberlain assured us that " The almost terrifying power that Britain is building up has a sobering effect on the opinion of the world ". When it was suggested after Munich that the Government's surrender had been influenced by the knowledge that we were unprepared for war our leaders ridiculed the idea. " We are perfectly prepared ", said Sir Samuel Hoare, " to have our record examined as to our defence preparations ". On 12 October, 1938, Sir Thomas Inskip declared " There is nothing unready about the Air Force ": and again a few days later; " Now we are at the middle of the third year of rearmament there is almost everything—I think I may say everything—a stream which might fairly be called a flood of these armaments and equipment which we need to complete our defences ". Finally let us quote Mr. Chamberlain's brave words of 22 February, 1939, " Our arms are so great that without taking into account the Dominion's contribution

> Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them ".

The people of Britain trusted their leaders: it was only when the " first Army of Britain " was crowded into the narrow beaches of Dunkirk, praying for a merciful deliverance from the rain of bombs and shells that showered ceaselessly upon it that the nation awoke to the deception which had been practised upon it. " How was it " asks the writer of *Guilty Men*, that the bravest sons of Britain ever came to be placed in such jeopardy? . . . . " How was it that to the men along the roads of Belgium, and even amid the sand dunes, the German airmen seemed able to work their will as they pleased? " No, it was not " the inherent weaknesses of the democratic system " that were responsible for the plight of the B.E.F., but the failure of a group of men to estimate truly the nature of the perils that had so long threatened us, and to take adequate military precautions against them.

" Cato " lays greater emphasis on the question of rearmament than on the foreign policy of the National Government, but the two subjects were inseparable. As late as March, 1936,

when the Nazis reoccupied the Rhineland, the balance of power in Europe was still tilted heavily in favour of the Allies: Hitler's bluff was allowed to succeed because the statesmen of Britain were blinded to the threat implied in the German move. Already they had had warning enough of Hitler's character and aims:—The blood bath of June 30, 1934, the reintroduction of conscription in Germany in March, 1935, the Fuehrer's declaration on the same day that Germany had an air force equal to that of Britain, finally, most significant of all, the doctrines of *Mein Kampf* set out for the world to read. Yet our leaders did not see the writing on the wall, because they allowed themselves to be the victims of Nazi propaganda.

If we are to understand the foreign policy of the National Government we must realize that this clique of *Guilty Men* deceived themselves in the years 1938 and 1939 almost as completely as they deceived the public. There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain based his policy of appeasement mainly on the thesis that Germany had good ground for the suspicion that her neighbours were bent on a policy of encirclement. All who questioned appeasement were denounced as warmongers by the supporters of the National Government. As Sir Nevile Henderson makes clear in his memoirs the chief points in the propaganda of Dr. Goebbels were that Germany was arming to protect herself against encirclement and all who denounced Nazi military preparations were themselves warmongers. So the agents and friends of Nazism in Britain found it easy to put their own propaganda in line with National Party loyalty. In short the prestige of the party and its leader demanded the maintenance of a mistaken policy long after its fundamental errors and miscalculations had been disclosed.

Ministers steadfastly refused to believe what they did not want to believe. Right to the last they laboured under the pathetic delusion that Hitler wished only to recover for Germany what she had lost at Versailles, and that once he had achieved this aim he would be content to live on friendly terms with his neighbours. The impartial historian of the future will search in vain for a rational basis for this remarkable conviction: the known facts pointed in the opposite direction, but our leaders preferred to listen to the soothing assurances of Hitler and von Ribbentrop. The latter knew well how to exploit the unrivalled capacity of British statesmen for wishful thinking: the Nazis leaders played too upon our Government's fear of the Left. Germany was presented as a bulwark against Bolshevism. Republican Spain was a stronghold of Bolshe-

vism, Benesh was in the pay of Moscow. All this Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters eagerly accepted little suspecting the intention that lay behind it.

At the very moment that German tanks and infantry were massing on the borders of Austria leading members of the British Government, together with prominent society leaders, business men, newspaper proprietors and journalists were being entertained with Herr von Ribbentrop at a reception in London. This cunning fellow was in fact feeling the pulse of ruling opinion in England and he returned to Germany to convince his master that in no circumstances would Mr. Chamberlain's Government go to war to oppose Hitler's plans in Central Europe. The invasion of Austria should have dispelled any lingering doubts as to Hitler's aims, but instead of drawing the obvious conclusions Mr. Chamberlain apparently remained convinced that Hitler had no more territorial claims to make in Europe. The seizure of Austria in flat repudiation of Hitler's freely offered pledge in the Reichstag to respect her independence was accepted as a natural coming together of two German nations and not, as it was, the bludgeoning into subjection of a freedom loving people.

The virtual condonation of the rape of Austria paved the way to Munich. After Hitler had taken Austria President Roosevelt was greatly disturbed by the course of events, and there is little doubt that strong and bold statesmanship in Britain would have aligned the U.S.A. and Russia with the Western democracies in a joint declaration against further aggression, drawing world attention to the peril to peace of unbridled Nazidom. But nothing was done, and Munich followed. There Stalin was given an object lesson in game of grab, for he knew, if Mr. Chamberlain did not, that the concessions made to Hitler at the expense of Czecho-Slovakia meant the eventual extinction of that state when the Nazis were ready to swallow the whole of it. So Stalin started to prepare Russia for a policy of imperialism on the Nazi model.

Both before and after Munich the leaders of the Conservative Party, and their docile followers, did everything they could to allay the growing public anxiety. Alarmism was bad for business; no one, if he could be prevented, was therefore allowed to suggest that the country was in danger, or that Hitler was intent on world domination. At the Newspaper Society dinner in the Spring of 1938 Mr. Chamberlain had asked the journalists present to be restrained in their criticism of Hitler. Sir Nevile Henderson, in his book, blames British

newspapers for " rubbing Hitler up the wrong way ". Representations were doubtless being made from Berlin to Downing Street. A restriction of criticism of the Nazi régime in the British press suited Hitler admirably, for hostile remarks about himself in the home of freedom encouraged the victims of oppression in Germany. So we were to make friends with the dictators and refrain from doing anything that might displease them: conciliation and appeasement were the keys which would open the way to a golden age of peace and prosperity.

Captain Liddell Hart has remarked that the second Great War of the 20th century began in July, 1936, with the revolt of General Franco against the legally constituted Government of Spain. It was part of Hitler's technique to start a war in such a way that his enemies were not aware that it had begun. In the war of 1914-18 the belligerents had to wait for the formal opening of the conflict before they could try out the new weapons with which science had armed them. But the Nazis had put their new tactics of mechanical warfare to practical test long before the Allies began fighting. At the same time the dictators won for themselves a potential ally. The democracies allowed their potential allies to be overwhelmed one by one by the enemy: Spain went first, then Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and finally France herself succumbed to Nazi corruption and treachery, which had been given full opportunities in the period of time that we had fondly supposed to be running against Hitler. Together these countries could have checked Germany, alone they were powerless to resist the Nazi war machine.

" The use of recriminations about the past is to enforce effective action at the present " as Mr. Churchill once said. Is it safe to allow the men who misled the nation by what Mr. Roosevelt has called the " lullaby of appeasement " to remain in office at a time when the positive qualities they so conspicuously lack—imagination, vision, intuition, a real sense of spiritual and human values—are so urgently needed? The man who said he would " eat his hat " if his treaty with Mussolini did not contribute to the peace of the Mediterranean, and declared that Hitler had " missed the bus " is proved by his many miscalculations to have no rightful place in a Cabinet waging war against the most cunning and ruthless dictators of all time. The men responsible for the policy that led up to the war should seek political oblivion, not only because of

their miscalculations and complacency, imposed on them by Nazi guile, but because they impaired the very checks and safeguards of democracy. Those checks and safeguards are a free Parliament and a free Press. "Cato's" book suggests how our politicians sought and contrived to suppress free criticism. Of their methods and manœuvres the writer of this article, and many other journalists had experience. Certainly within my own recollection no ministerial following has ever been more regimented and dragooned than was Captain Margesson's rank and file. When we consider the size of the majority he had at his command, and particularly the fact that this House of Commons was given a mandate to pursue a policy of which the appeasement of aggression was a complete reversal, the treatment of these Conservative members who dared to criticize Mr. Chamberlain was a travesty of democracy. The men who had statecraft in their blood, together with the common people of Britain, had no illusions about Hitler and his fellow gangsters. It is not without significance that the two men in the present British Government who most truly represent the national will and determination, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Ernest Bevin, saw most clearly from the first that Hitler and his associates with their Gestapo, concentration camps and rubber truncheons threatened the absolute overthrow of civilization and decency in Europe. Each did his uttermost to turn his own party from appeasement and pacifism, and not the least striking chapter in "Cato's" book is that which tells how Mr. Bevin succeeded in his mission.

(*Mr. Arthur Mann was editor of* The Yorkshire Post *from 1920 to 1939. An opponent of appeasement, he consistently warned the country of the dangers of Hitler's territorial claims in Europe.*)

CHILD MIGRATION AND EMPIRE SETTLEMENT

By Sir John Marriott

HERR HITLER professes a great admiration for the British Empire. Since admiration is not incompatible with envy and even hatred the profession may be sincere. Anyway, in more ways than one, the German Führer has already increased the stability, and rendered closer than ever the cohesion, of the British Empire and Commonwealth. With the superb contribution made by the Dominions to our war-effort I am not, for the moment, concerned. *Si monumentum quaeris circumspice* Yet nothing, surely, can have gone home more directly to the hearts of great masses of our people in the Motherland than the warm hearted offers of our kinsmen overseas to receive into their homes British children.

The task of evacuation, proved difficult enough when attempted last autumn and limited to the home country. That it was handled clumsily and with a minimum of imagination on the part of the higher officials concerned can hardly be denied; still less the skill and patience displayed by the teachers, the railway management and employees and others responsible for the actual working of the scheme. Blunders there were bound to be in a scheme so colossal and so novel. But in conception and in the supreme direction there were too many.

Infinitely more difficult are the problems presented by the scheme for sending children overseas, even though many of the difficulties may be smoothed by the spontaneous generosity of the would-be hosts in the Dominions. At the moment the scheme is partially suspended, but, for several reasons, its resumption, on the largest possible scale, is ardently to be desired. Not least because the scheme may well work out in ways not foreseen, or at least not avowed, by those responsible for its promotion.

The State Scheme is "for the duration of the war" only. Naturally, and properly, an assurance has been given to parents who are willing to send their children overseas that the children will be brought home with all possible care and at the

expense of the taxpayer after the conclusion of the war. But though we may be sure that this undertaking will be scrupulously fulfilled, much may happen in the meantime if the war should unhappily be prolonged, to render its fulfilment undesirable if not impossible. Both parents may have died; a widowed mother may well prefer to join her children in the Dominions; or again, some of the children, having passed beyond the school age and been absorbed into industry or agriculture may plead to be allowed to remain in their new but no longer unfamiliar homes. To send orphaned children back to ruined or desolated homes would be a refinement of cruelty; to resist the wishes of adolescents who prefer to make their homes and careers oversea would be socially and politically disastrous.

In these or other ways a scheme, designed to meet an emergency by temporary migration, may well be partially diverted into a measure of permanent settlement.

Should things so turn out, all parties concerned in the homeland, the Dominions and most of all the children would have reason to rejoice that the well-meant intentions of a Department acting in co-operation with kindly hosts had been thus overruled. Out of the shadows may emerge a great hope: from the horrors of a war still to be won by the united efforts of the Empire, lasting benefit to the Empire may accrue. It must, however, be sorrowfully confessed that the recent history of Empire Settlement has been far from encouraging to those who regard the redistribution of the man-power of the Empire as one of the most insistent problems that we have to face.

The present distribution of population is almost grotesque. Compare the density of population in the homeland with that of the sister-land in North America and Australasia. In England and Wales the population per square mile is 703, in New Zealand 15, in Canada 3, in Australia 2. The figures for Canada and Australia need to be corrected, for as the Astor Committee on Empire migration pointed out in 1933, physiographic considerations render certain areas unsuitable for permanent white settlement. If such areas were deducted the average density of Canada would be 7.25 and of Australia 3.75.

Even so the figures are ominous enough especially in reference to the vulnerable and highly desirable Dominions in the Southern hemisphere. Some words of the late Lord Northcliffe (though I have often quoted them before) are still so pertinent that they deserve to be quoted again. On leaving Australia in 1922 that shrewd publicist was asked to state with

frankness his views about the country. He did. He declared himself to be "profoundly impressed by its magnitude, its profuse wealth . . . its emptiness and its defencelessness . . . the key to your white Australian ideal is population. You must increase your slender garrison by the multiplication of your people. The world will not tolerate an empty Australia. The continent must carry its full quota of people . . . you have no option. Tens of millions of people will come to you whether you like it or not. You cannot hold up the human flood by a restrictive clause in an Act of Parliament."

Impressive as was Lord Northcliffe's warning in 1922 it has gained immeasurably in force since the regrettable deterioration in Anglo-Japanese relations. Japan has her eyes most fixed perhaps on Malaya, but hardly less intently on Australia. Deeply resented as was Lord Northcliffe's blunt warning it was substantially endorsed in 1931 by the Director General of Health and Medical Services in Australia, Sir Raphael Cilento. The latter regarded a period of increased pressure in the Pacific as imminent and inevitable. Japan's population is already 90,000,000 or 333 to the square mile and is rapidly expanding. The birthrate in Australia is one of the lowest in the world.

Nor is the deficiency made good by immigration, which in Australia, as in other Dominions has, for adults, virtually ceased. In the last pre-war years (1910-1913) the old country had been reinforcing the overseas Empire at the rate of 304,000 per annum. During the Four Years' War migration ceased, and when in 1919 it was resumed, with generous assistance from the State, it was primarily with a view to the settlement of ex-service men. Unfortunately, there was such a grievous lack of discrimination in the selection of settlers that much suffering was caused to individuals and great embarrassment to the Dominions. From the set-back thus given to migration it has never recovered. The *Empire Settlement Act* was passed in 1922 to give effect to agreements reached between the United Kingdom, Canada, and the Australasian Dominions, and by generous help from the State to stimulate migration. But the results were most disappointing. The total sum authorized by the Act was £43,500,000: but of this, down to the end of 1935, only £6,000,000 odd was actually spent. Nevertheless the Act was renewed on a more modest scale in 1937, despite the fact that in the years 1931-7 inclusive there was an actual balance of migrants inward (i.e. *from* the Dominions to the United Kingdom) of over 130,000. In the last Report (1938) issued by the now defunct Overseas Settlement Board, the

disturbing phenomenon was closely analysed, and amongst the factors operating, to the detriment of migration the Report put in the forefront the effect of health and unemployment insurance, old age pensions and other social services which are in effect large endowments which tend to tie the beneficiaries to the soil of the homeland.

An even more important impediment to migration has been the reluctance of the Dominions to admit immigrants. But they have commonly made exception in favour of two classes: domestic servants and young children. The work done for children by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Salvation Army and the Church Army and similar voluntary societies has consequently suffered relatively little interruption even during the period marked by a suspension of adult migration. In particular an increasingly warm welcome has been given in Australia, and more recently in Canada, to the work of the Fairbridge Farm Schools.

This remarkably successful experiment in child-migration is due to the enthusiasm and persistence of Kingsley Fairbridge, a young Rhodesian who obtained a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford some thirty years ago. Fairbridge was a man of vision, tender hearted and of high courage, a lover of children and a loyal son of the Empire. He was deeply perturbed by the condition of children in the slums of our great cities. "The waste of it all (he wrote). Children's lives wasting while the Empire cried aloud for men. There were workhouses full, orphanages full,—and no farmers . . . there I saw (my vision) quite clearly: . . . I saw little children shedding the bondage of bitter circumstances."

Thanks to Fairbridge, thousands of children have shed "the bondage of bitter circumstances" and are to-day serving the Empire in many honourable capacities. In 1909 Fairbridge founded a Child Emigration Society at Oxford and in 1912 established a farm school in Western Australia. The outbreak of war in 1914 threatened the initial venture with ruin, but Fairbridge just managed to keep it alive and as soon as the war was over he characteristically resolved to extend his experiment. He kindled enthusiasm afresh, raised funds, and in 1920 purchased a property of 3,000 acres at Pinjarra, some fifty miles south of Perth and about twelve miles from the sea, in Western Australia. The Imperial Government, the Commonwealth and State Governments made, in 1922, a *per capita* grant towards the scheme, and the Imperial Government now gives 5/- per head per week and the Commonwealth and State

Governments each give 3/6 per week for each child up to the age of 14. A school is also maintained gratuitously in the settlement. But the scheme as a whole is pre-eminently the outcome of private initiative and all its leading features represent the original designs of its founder. Kingsley Fairbridge died, at the early age of 39 in 1924: his work survives and extends. Schools on the same general lines have since been established in Victoria and in New South Wales and in 1934 the then Prince of Wáles launched an appeal for £100,000 for more " Fairbridge " schools, the first of which was to be in Canada. The response was prompt and generous. A beautiful property on Vancouver Island (B.C.) was acquired and in 1935 a Fairbridge Farm School was opened. Each of the " Fairbridge " Schools will provide accommodation for 200-300 children.

The distinctive features of these schools may be briefly summarized. Life is not institutional but domestic: the children are housed in cottages, each containing a " family " of not more than fifteen boys or girls under the care of a " mother ". The children are received between the ages of 7-12. They go into hostels in England for a period of preparation and if medically approved by the Dominion authorities, are provided with outfits and sent oversea under careful supervision in parties of not more than 30. They must attend school up to 14; from 14 to 16 boys are thoroughly trained in farm work, the girls in domestic economy. At 16 they are planted out, the majority on farms or in domestic work, but in other occupations if, by free choice, they prefer them. The applications for " Fairbridge " boys and girls greatly exceed the supply. Half the wages received are banked up to the age of 21 and are then available for the purchase of a farm or for any other purpose preferred by the beneficiaries. Not a few old pupils have won University Scholarships; some become teachers, parsons, accountants, clerks, policemen, foremen and managers of industries, storekeepers and what not. Some of the girls become nurses: others become the help-meets of farmers, wearing like their husbands the old Fairbridge School tie! For once a Fairbridgean always a Fairbridgean. At the school itself there is a club for the reception of ' old boys ' in their holidays, while all the homes into which old pupils are planted are regularly inspected. The result of all this care is that almost all the old boys and girls make good, and that year by year the Dominions gain hundreds of invaluable citizens. The original Fairbridge School has sent 987 children

into employment: at the moment over 100 are serving in H.M. Forces: one young man, of whom the school is justly proud, is on the *Sydney*. The proportion of failures is reckoned at 5 per cent.: 47 have been sent home as unsuitable to colonial life.

* * * * *

There are some who think (and I number myself among them) that there is room for a widening of the experiment initiated by Kingsley Fairbridge. The great need of the Dominions, as each expands into a great nation, will be men of the type who, in the homeland, have gone forth into the service (in the broadest sense) of the State, from our Public Schools, and from the good homes of the middle classes. What the Commonwealth owes to the Manses of Scotland has been strikingly shown by an industrious writer who has compiled from the *Dictionary of National Biography* a list of the " Son of the Manse ".* And the debt incurred by the State extends to thousands of middle class—professional—homes in England. The indebtedness extends of course to other classes, notably to those who in rapidly increasing numbers are going up to the Universities from the Secondary Schools. But I am old-fashioned enough to believe that notwithstanding the accumulating evidence of the good work done by boys and girls who have ' risen ' from other classes, breeding still means a great deal. The Dominions badly need, and will increasingly need, men and women of the type in question. Whence are they to get them?

There is another aspect of the matter. Many middle class homes are already sadly impoverished. The ranks of the ' New Poor ' will be immensely augmented when the war is over. The war means a *destruction* of wealth on a gigantic scale; but it is resulting also in a *redistribution* of wealth. Aggregate capital will be greatly diminished: but capitalists will be multiplied a thousand fold to the great gain of social stability, though to the detriment of industrial and financial enterprise.

The middle-classes will be hardest hit. Is it to the advantage of the State and the Empire that they should be totally eliminated? If not, the question arises whether it would be possible by an adaptation of the Fairbridge Scheme idea to avert the disaster. Something has already been done by the temporary interchange of teachers, of all grades, to effect closer educational intercourse between the various parts of the

**Sons of the Manse*, by the Rev. A. W. Fergusson. (Dundee, 1923).

Empire. Parties of Public School boys and girls have gone on holiday tours to different Dominions. New Zealand inaugurated in 1924 an interesting scheme for placing out with farmers English boys from Public and Secondary Schools, and not a few boys representing 121 schools went out under the scheme in the first few years. The 1820 Association for South Africa initiated a similar scheme, but only for boys with at least £1,000 capital. But all this is quite insufficient in amount; nor does it meet the particular need I have in mind.*

One obvious opportunity seems to have been lost already. How many Public Schools (Boys and Girls) have been 'evacuated' since September, 1939, I do not know. Why should not two such schools—one for each sex—have been transferred—as far as possible in its entirety,—staff, pupils and equipment—to each of the Dominions 'for the duration'? A suggestion I made to that effect in a letter to *The Times* was turned down by Mr. Shakespeare in the House of Commons, almost with contumely, on the amazing ground that it would violate the sacred principle of class equality, and would undermine public morale† A busy Minister may be forgiven for misapprehending a suggestion put forward, necessarily, with the greatest economy of words, but no such excuse can avail for the grounds on which he rejected it. My hope was that a school with some traditions, besides affording for the duration a valuable object-lesson, might on repatriation leave behind in the Dominions a skeleton sufficiently clothed to form the nucleus of a Public School of its own type.‡ In Canada and Australasia such schools are at present very few in number; and such as there are naturally lack the indispensable tradition.

That must necessarily be a work of time. Could not a middle class "Fairbridge" in time create it? In its own sphere "Fairbridge" is already beginning to create one. But the sphere is limited. I would enlarge it. The Dominions need not only farmers, domestic helps, and subordinates in other occupations. They want men and women, of the right type and breeding, and equipped by education for leadership in industry, the professions, and politics.

Details of organization for the new Fairbridge would have to be most carefully thought out. Location is an important

*For details of this scheme see Marriott, *Empire Settlement* (Oxford University Press, 1927), pp. 86, 92, 101-3.

†See *Hansard* for July 2, p. 715.

‡With great pleasure I learn that Sherborne (Girls) School, a "Public" School of the highest grade has been transferred to Canada, where its own pupils have been afforced by pupils from one or more English schools of the same grade.

point. I would plant it in one of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, 3,000 miles nearer home than Vancouver, and much more homelike in every respect than any other Canadian Province.

Should the school be for children of Preparatory or Secondary School age? Perhaps for both in separate departments. Perhaps for both sexes—but, if so, again in separate departments. Should the 'charity'—for charitable it would mainly if not exclusively be—be confined to children orphaned of one or both parents? All these, however, are details, if very important. The essential point is that the children must be prepared to settle in the Dominion or Dominions and while not ceasing to be citizens of the Empire, must owe their immediate allegiance to the land in which from childhood they have been brought up.

Is there among us no Kingsley Fairbridge who combines vision with business-like aptitude for detail? Or a Cecil Rhodes who combines vision and the means to realize it? If any such there be, he might, I am convinced, render at this juncture an incomparable service to the Empire, and at the same time bring comfort to many fathers, who having enjoyed great privileges, know not how their children may fare should they themselves die or be called upon by their country to make the supreme sacrifice.

IN ENGLAND NOW

(A Letter to American Readers)

IT is very pleasant, my dearest Cousin (as the poet, Cowper, once began a letter to Lady Hesketh) to have a communication " so delicately conveyed as that which I received so lately . . ." from America. Yet, as we say—and how expressive is twentieth century slang—' You've got it all wrong '. I am glad that it is so. Grateful though I am for your anxiety for my health and your consideration for my happiness, it is very painful for me to leave you for one moment more in your belief that I live in terror of my life with a growing sense of impending doom. Not that the possibility of sudden death is not constantly before me. It could not be otherwise with the daily visitations from the skies. But though I may be removed, my neighbour will be left and life in England will go on calmly and competently, as I hope this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY will prove.

I know you find this difficult to believe. You read the headlines; you listen to the constant stream of war news pouring from the loud speakers of your radio sets, and you imagine (I do not blame you) that life for your friends in England is practically subterranean, and that for three parts of the day we lie quivering under ground. Nonsense; it is nothing of the kind. Indeed we might do better to go to ground more often. Too many of our civilian casualties are caused by a refusal to be hurried. That national characteristic—so often called ' obstinacy ' by you—still prevents us from having our way of life altered to please the foreigner. Stubbornness stands us in good stead now. We move when we hear the guns and bombs but we do not run helter-skelter at every siren; instead we place ourselves strategically for finding safety in quick time. That is good sense, and obviously if we find ourselves out of doors we move briskly in the direction of one of those public shelters, now so naturally part of the daily round.

But I know I shall not convince you by general argument. You have seen the pictures of broken houses, of aeroplanes

brought down in fields, and to feel certain that what I say is true you will need to be told something much more definite about my daily life. It goes on, as far as routine is concerned, exactly as before. I rise at the same hour, I catch the same train, and I arrive at my office from Waterloo station, as I have always done, by walking over Hungerford Bridge. I have done this even when an air raid was supposed to be in progress, and although I agree that this was not wise, you will believe me when I say that there were more not fewer people than usual on the bridge. A circumstance due to the underground railway being closed.

I am well aware as I write that you may be saying, ' but wait until London has really been bombed. You will sing a different tune, then.' That may be true. The air raids, which I have so far seen, have all been from my suburban home. They have been small compared to the raids on the coast. The fact that in addition to my own family I now have two strangers living with me will confirm much of what you have heard about living in the South-East. There it is bad, and certainly no place for mothers with young children. Even so, many go on living there determined to stay by their husbands, finding conditions unpleasant but by no means impossible. The point I am trying to make is that though damage and casualties are considerable, there are places of safety on our small island and our normal life is not broken up.

You would have enjoyed being in London on the first Monday in August. Normally this would have been a holiday but this year work did not stop; so only the lucky ones and those enjoying a few days rest period were able to spend the day in idleness. Yet London was thronged and everywhere—in the streets and the restaurants—there were numbers speaking a language which is almost as foreign to us in London as that of your own country. It was the language of Gracie Fields and Lancashire. Theatres and picture palaces did a splendid trade in the first week of August and towards evening there were queues outside the ' Corner Houses ' of our famous Lyons. These men of Lancashire had been working hard for eleven months and now for a very brief holiday they had, as we say, money to burn.

I do not wish to give a wrong impression. It would be foolish for me to pretend that I neither see nor hear evil. It is but a short walk from my home to the first shattered dwellings, where between tea and dinner the enemy came and with a dozen bombs or so destroyed life and happiness for many.

There was not one military objective for miles. That is the horrible side of the picture, which makes one doubt the very sanity of man, and perhaps it is as well that I see some of these houses twice a day as I pass by in the train.

Yet how has the war or rather how have the sirens affected me? Twice they have interrupted a meal. A minute later you would have seen me, had you been here, trotting down the road, giving, I hope, a very fair representation of an unflurried but hastening Air Raid Warden. You would be amused to see me in this guise and dignity of wardenship. Tin hat on head, whistle in mouth, gas mask at the alert and eye shield round neck I patrol my sector like any veteran. The streets of our suburb are strangely deserted at this time. In the first few minutes an occasional man or woman is seen hurrying homeward with an apologetic air for being out so long; a dog runs along the street, a cat, pleased with unwonted calm, basks in the sunshine. Occasionally I and my fellow warden meet a little knot of men—fireman standing with their engines at their action stations—volunteers like ourselves. We look up into the sky and exchange pleasantries. They (the Germans) are over there; they are attacking so and so; the drone gets louder, they are coming closer and we had better take cover. We do.

Occasionally there is a fight and from one vantage point we can see in the distance a place which has twice been attacked. We watch fascinated like spectators at a show. Far enough away to miss the horror but near enough to see the 'planes pressing home their attack while the puffs of smoke breaking round them mean anti-aircraft fire. The dull thud of bombs is mingled with the sharper note of the guns. Occasionally a column of black smoke shoots skywards. We do not shout or cheer. We watch.

Once, too, I have seen the Home Guard turn out in force. There had been rumour of a parachute descent. Within a few minutes two cars flew up the road, followed by members of the Home Guard, fully armed, on bicycles. The turn out was impressive. That was the day when my Sunday mid-day dinner of traditional roast beef, baked potatoes, and broad beans from the garden to be followed by blackberry and apple pie, also from the garden was interrupted by the sirens. I mention it particularly so that you may judge rightly that we do not starve. Our menu is a little less varied than before the war but little worse for that and there has been the real joy of growing

vegetables in the garden. Certainly it is true that none has ever tasted as sweet.

This growing of food has been a most important thing, spiritually as well as economically. It does one good to see all available ground growing food and you, I know, would delight to see the back gardens of the little houses using every inch of space. Even the Anderson shelters play their part, for on numbers of them there are lettuce, cabbage and perhaps the favourite of all—it is just the spot for it—the vegetable marrow, with its yellow trumpet flowers.

We have rediscovered, too, the night sky. It is strange how we live, hide bound in our villas and towns, and seldom look towards the sky. Wardens on patrol are apt to philosophize. We look upwards, con the stars, name a few and wonder about this vast universe and the foolishness of man. The sky, too, holds the barrage balloons, the only new poetry in this machine age of war.

So you see how it is. We live and intend to go on living. There is no feeling of recklessness. Just a determination not to have everything taken from us and a belief that the things which mean most will survive even if mortals must die and buildings come tumbling down. You need not fear for us. Rather, I should say, believe in us.—Adieu, my dearest cousin.

J.A.

THE BUZZARD

By Sidney Keyes

THIS town curled round a hilltop
Flattened and steeply canted at the sun
Sleeps like a brown snake. The poplars point
Tapering shadows, pendula of fate
Across the turf. The golden sun revolves
On the invisible radius of time
And tufts of cloud swim round, dissolving
Or reappearing as the currents of the moment
Vary up there.
Life swings on its axis
In motion centripetal to this sphere
Of dust under the burning-glass of sky:
This noontide motion spins a kind of peace.
Thoughts nuzzle too the crystalline
Walls of the curving brain and gape their message
Dumbly and flounce away. A caterpillar
Measures with looping back a mulberry leaf;
This is another way of portioning
The endless moment, another demonstration
Of time's deceit and the geometry of living.
A point projected from the hill's brown arc
Draws out its tangent from the central
And unexpected angle of a tower;
It comes to rest in space at last, suspended
From the sun's further circle as a spider
Hangs from a twig by unseen filaments.

The buzzard's unreflective eye
Quick swivelling on its axis, concentrates
All planes and motions into one great sphere
Of earth its prey. The terra cotta town
Dropped on the hill, generates circles spreading
To the horizon; rings of green and grey
Granite or yellow of mimosa thickets
Spin round the central pivot of his vision.

Only the quiet eye of water
Stares back and challenges the symmetry.
Behind the buzzard's lens, all secrets
Of beauty or of form unapprehended,
Life's many meanings bend their rays to one
Bright spot of cruelty within his brain.

Buzzard drops down the sky and shadows straddle
Longer on grass and rock. Now dust clouds rise
Along the track; a herd of goats strays past;
Their noise shatters the meaning of the moment
And breaks the circle of extended peace.
Why should we wish to hide within the present
Hanging above infinity and waiting
For pain to move, a rabbit in the grass?
Unfocus rather the too-watchful eye
And wander singing in the golden haze
Behind the flock, and take with them your pleasure
At random, from each leaf or twig. So break
The trance of living symmetry, disprove
The buzzard's callous theorem of small pain
And sprawl at last under a myrtle tree
Breathing the fleshy odour of its leaves.
So find a better variant of peace
Another meaning and another science
In nightfall's final clemency of quiet.

AMBULANCE IN FINLAND

By Tom Burns

FEAR in war doesn't spread over everything, it isn't even in your running, when all you have to do is to get somewhere—you can see it, that tree, that hole—quickly. It's in the moment, the moment which is made rigid and single by that thing bringing everything in you down to zero—by that plaintive whine, that negro singer under a spotlight getting out his ma-a-a-a-a-ammy until he's just mouth, through silence, like moving car lights on a dark horizon. That's fear you get all right, all right, when you've got to your tree and the brim of your helmet chucks a little snow back to your chin, and the cold underneath you lifts your quick breaths straight out of your body, just after you've stopped saying let it be the others not me, I can be sorry later, but them not me, just then, when you've got to be quiet and listen and that negroid wail breaks down into a too rapid blubbering, banging through the still frost-pattern of fir branches against your ears and diaphragm and ribs as though you were inside a giggling giant, then, through the waiting pointed moment all your consciousness is shriekingly aware, of nothing outside, but of itself, itself, and the nonentity carelessly lancing the air about it. After, when the quick diminuendo wisps away over the trees, and you struggle back absurdly to the road, the thing inside your clothes works more familiarly, the cold, the snow melting at the throat, the whoosh feeling of its being over, the aeroplane just another of them, the collecting and the proceeding, at this time you can have a little human misery coming with the recontact with the others. But in that moment nothing is shared —there is the blind unsurpassable absorption of self in the preservation of self.

At the end of the 3,000 miles, we had two days waiting. After all that, this schoolroom with the carpentry benches folded to the wall and the big window blinded with bits of paper and cardboard was something we could invest with the certain permanence of a few days, and it was pleasant to be home in it. *Joseph, The Flowers of the Forest,* and *Tipperary*

whimpered through the walls from Niemola's mandoline. Blom lay on his back among our bedding with his knees crooked and crossed, and it was money in the pocket to have the wearer of those yellow hook-toed boots sitting by quiet and friendly. The Hasag lamp simmered at the end of its wire.

"I suppose we don't go P.S.P. tonight," said Blom. "We go tomorrow night." He and another of the company with whom we were quartered were to go with K. and me on our preliminary run to the regimental dressing station we were to serve.

We had supper—louppa, thick stew with meat, lentils, and potatoes, the unvarying army meal, obtainable only at night when the fires could be lit in houses, and at nine o'clock we were told to leave at once for P.S.P. Ten minutes to put on two more pairs of thick socks, ski-boots, transport coats, woollen gloves and mitts, fur hat, and to roll and pack sleeping bags, and we went down the road to the woods, struggling gauntly into our white overalls and hoods, tottering over the smoothed-iced ruts and bumps. We passed our own ambulances in their berths among the pines, with branches and saplings propped against their square-cut windscreens and sides, and came to the Finnish ambulance, out on the main track with its engine running.

Blom talked a little with the driver and then came round to us. "We get in at the back now, boys," he said, "and take care sit on the left. Lots of blood on this—how do you say?" He patted the lower stretcher on the right. "That bombing this afternoon, this driver go out to get a man hurt in the leg, you know boys, and he was bleeding quite a bit." We sat on the left side. The ambulance started, rolling and churning through the loose snow until the road.

When we were away from the garage the driver switched on dimmed parking lights and went faster. It was possible to see through the window at the back of the cab the few yards of road ahead—the dark lines of two ruts, the vertical banks of mashed-up snow—in the faint, irregularly thrown light. Often we met sledges, the pony thrashing sideways into the snowbank, the driver brrr-rrrring fiercely and dragging the end of his sledge out of the rut to the side, and the troops, who, motionless in the sidesnow, arced through the thrown light, stage ghosts with their white covering and dark faces inside the hoods. We stopped at the Leppasyrja level crossing. A train passed, the engine covered in with canvas, nothing seen

except the darker bulked wagons and the drip of sparks underneath the firebox. No signals or lights showed down the single track of the railway. Once clear of the road, a whistle blew the train to a halt. A staff car on the other side of the crossing switched on its lights.

The sentry gave out a shout of *Valot pois* in a tired growl. The lights went out and with them the two or three engines which had been started were cut out. We could hear the faint sibilance of the locomotive up the line, and then, coming through and above it, a straight whine, the secret night noise.

Before the shouts of 'Molotov' the heart-clenched athleticism of fear had come. We clambered out, hitting against hidden wood and among a tattered fusillade of slamming car doors, impelled by the same yet illimitably apart, we pushed and dug our bodies through the snow. There with heart pumping and face pasted with snow like the end of a slapstick film, I felt the air shudder with closer vibrations.

Two hundred yards along the line the blackness melts from four spots of slow dropping brilliance. Yet with the railway and the train, the road and the cars, the aeroplane circles once, innocuously, and goes.

After the pause we hurry in to get clear of the railway. Through Leppasyrja, Divisional H.Q. and stores, we drive without lights. Blom tells us to get behind big trees when Molotov comes, and to stand when there is machine-gunning and dive into the snow when there are bombs. We know.

It is just over 20 km. to the front, but, going, we have to detour with the less urgent traffic another 30 km. up to Leimola. At the fork we are stopped by sentries, an old man and a boy. The old man is jerky and strained in his movements from nervousness.

When the road leaves the forest for a few hundred yards we stop first, switch off lights and engine, and, in the expanding silence and dark, listen. Some kilometres so, and then we pull up sharp behind an army truck standing in the road with its lights out. Somebody is running down the road, but two others are standing. There are voices apart, and then in a crack of quiet in the speaking and the feet grinding on hard snow, we hear it. Out and along the road after the other figures and down this time into a covered-in trench. There, singled out along the log walls we wait, over a dozen men from halted trucks, breathing too hard almost to light the immediate cigarette. We get out soon, foolish on the hard iced slope at the entrance, and stand in the road to listen. A staff car comes

down, waggling the beam of its almost full headlights in the blackness between the trees. It pours light over the stationary trucks until the shouts of *Valot pois* reach it. We feel pushed down into the trench by the roar of the returning aeroplane. Below, we get the little pop and shake of the grenades.

When we slid into the trench for the fourth time Blom led us to the end where there was a dugout with loophole and platform for a machine-gun. "All these boys gonna wait until moon rises. That's about 2 o'clock." The other drivers shoved in with us and squatted round.

Lassila, who had been in front with the driver, came down last. He stood, bent underneath the roof, chucking his bright hen's glance round at us in the candlelight. "Say boys, what you tink tis time? It's a helluva time." He could speak Finnish-French-Canadian-English. K. pulled out his pocket chess set and we finished the afternoon's game. The Finns watched us and talked.

We were there an hour before some moved out; Blom went too. He came back after a while and told us we could get coffee a few metres down the road. We followed him walking slippily; I hadn't oiled my boots recently, and they had frozen, so I tottered gawkily under the pile of clothes.

We turned off the road after two or three hundred yards to a small hut. At the door the hot air hit our faces as though played on us from a hosepipe. Inside, over twenty men were packed into two rooms, sleeping, eating, talking and playing cards. We pushed through to behind the stove, by the card players. I took off my coat and waited stolidly, timing the warming of my feet, and watching the game—a variation of pontoon, and lively, especially for one man with one eye almost turned in upon itself who slapped his neighbours on the shoulder at almost every draw he made. He and another, still and crease-faced, with the upward shadow of his cigarette and holder cleaving his cheek from mouth corner to temple, were cleaning up. I watched the blind silly game for an hour until the coffee for us came. That made things different. I took some over to Lassila, who said "Oh, Christ!" by way of thanks.

On the way back to our ambulance, K., who had stayed back a bit, came up with another old man, carrying a rifle. "I don't know what he wants," K. told Blom. "Does he want paying for the coffee?" Blom talked to him, and then informed us that K. had nearly been shot for not giving the password when asked. Blom said the old man was nervous. We stood a

moment with the moonlight curtained by tree trunks, and K. nearly having been shot, and the cold soaking back into our feet, and up the road glassless, looted and sullied by explosion, the staff car that Molotov had unloaded the grenades on.

A few kilometres further on we halted again by more trucks, full of troops this time who were getting out and swarming off the road. One driver, with the afternoon's bombing and the night's moves getting him down, when he heard the Molotov switched on every light the ambulance had, including a red light inside the cab that he couldn't put out. Scores of men held themselves away from the secret red glow on the road, so homey and comforting, just like an exit sign by you in a cinema in England.

Here we were in deep forest, and the aeroplane missed seeing us both times it flew over. I got on the road, trying to pull the cakes and dollops of ice off my trousers and socks. The ambulance started, went three yards, and ditched. One of the army trucks stopped with us and hitched a rope to the ambulance, while we bogged ourselves waist deep in the snow and lifted. They tried all ways, but she had sunk too far in. We climbed on the sacks of meal in the truck, and went on, until, near Syskyjärvi, the truck ditched.

The snow was losing its blue and the sky was paler when we went through Syskyjärvi. The Russians had been this far, and all the houses were smashed or burnt down. Barbed wire rambled from the snow. Two stove-in tanks lay well off the road. The truck almost jumped off the road at some of the filled-in shell and bomb holes.

Six kilometres beyond the village the truck stopped by a sentry and a red lamp bowered over with cut branches at the foot of a tree. We unhooked ourselves, Blom, K. and I, and stood around until some one appeared for us to follow. The track led through oddly populous forest. Ponies stood with piles of hay under trees which had their lower branches hacked through and bent to the ground as cover. Sledges lay near the path. Twos and threes of men stood or walked by. It was five o'clock. 50 kilometres in eight hours.

P.S.P. was, up to two or three yards' distance, just like thicker trees. Then you could see the darkness down to near the ground of the tent, and the large trees cut and held to the others by ropes, and the blue smoke from the stove pipe dissipating round the baffle plate and through the branches.

We had to crawl through the blanket-hung entrance porch. Inside, the tent was warm and light: there were two small iron

stoves and two Hasag lamps. There were a dozen people there—sitting on the boxes round the walls of the tent—casualties—or lying on the platform of pine branches that covered half the floor space. They looked at us, peering underneath the glare of the lamps. Hardly anyone spoke. At the far end of the tent was a collapsible operating table. On it were layers of greaseproof paper, and on that cigarettes, cups, instruments, bandages and dressings, two caps, ledgers and a file, and Russian badges, ammunition and money. A corporal, contemptuous of the cigarette in his lips, made entries in a ledger at one end—a bookie's tout in his louse-coloured sweater. In front of the stoves were two slop holes dug in the earth. The wood fires buzzed up the stove pipes. We were given hot water and sugar to drink and then led out.

Fifty yards away there was a smaller tent, with one stove among high piled pine branches. Men slept and sat looking at the stove. We got off our boots and K. and I squirmed into our sleeping bags.

Rope thick muslin being torn irregularly; a great iron football fan's rattle turning jerkily—anything not a regular succession and loud. Not an urgent noise but irrelevant when you could hear the great swingeing whang of the aeroplane's engine as it cleared the tree tops over our heads after firing its burst. The figures in the tent sitting up and stumbling, bent, out, swayed to extricate themselves. Our sleeping bags were riverweeds around our legs. I soared, turned, and swooped with the pilot and battened bloodless on to the earth, body craving the moment's passage, suspended in the big hall of fear with the uneven rattle again and the musical plink plonk of two bullets in the stove pipe.

We shambled along the path in unlaced boots, diarrhœtic farm hands running to the E.C. clutching—in the forests of eastern Finland, machine-gunned with horses quivering—our flopping 'Pal o' Mine' cushioned bags. Behind us, the woodsmoke spun leisurely through the horizontal layers of sunlight out to the clear morning air over the tree tops.

Blom said there would be a bomber returning to the tent later, so we started off away down the road towards Syskyjärvi. For two hours we got no further than our first stretch of fifty yards along the road. Flights of aeroplanes droned overhead continuously, bombing and machine-gunning movement in the forest below. So we gave up Syskyjärvi and went, by stages of a few yards, back to P.S.P.

I hadn't noticed it before—by the beginning of the path to

the tent. There were probably fifty in the pile, the dusty blue and hay brown uniforms showing the most colour, but the dominant colours were the old wax yellow of the faces and the prevading orange of blood. Not a solid corpse mass, but, because frozen, like a heap of a child's tin toy soldiers, in erect positions but horizontal, kneeling but on their backs, lying face down but held erect, and the top of the pile a fight of arms and heads and legs. By the pile, two men, in white smocks like Crusaders' surtouts, were loading scraps and joints of men on to a sledge.

They were Finns, Blom said mostly from a cavalry regiment.

We were given bread and sausages in the P.S.P. tent and dozed øn the platform.

Towards evening there were intervals in the noise of aeroplanes, and a few casualties came in. Lying cases were brought in by sledge, swaddled in blankets and sacks in crates. From the outposts to the first aid posts the journey was made in six foot flat-bottomed skiffs, shoved or dragged by a crawling stretcher bearer over the snow. A higher proportion than I had thought, a third, had head wounds.

Nothing much was done at P.S.P. The patients rested on the pine branches, were given hot water and sugar, had their labels checked.

No ' pluckiness '—no facing up to it with a smile. They sat, their hands and faces stiff with dirt and soot, feeling their blood slowly getting out of them and sealing. One man, shot in the chin, drooled frothy blood and spit over a bruise fattened lip, and made slow chimpanzee wipes at the fat drop of blood hanging at the bottom of his bandaged face. He was tired and sick and hurt beyond anything I, outside it, could know. He was not the worst hit ; I remember him because I re-dressed his wound just before we left.

As we stood up to go, the doctor came in,—young, bright, sunnily confident, clean and shaven—smoking a cigarette. He looked through the labels, shook hands with K. and me, and went out.

We all went back in the first ambulance of the evening, a large Chevrolet bus. A lovely, coloured evening with the sun just down, the engine keeping its undulating row all the time, the convoyeur hanging out at arm's length from the door to look round the clear unspotted sky, shutting in, sticking a cigarette to the driver's lips and lighting it. We were back at the schoolhouse, going by the short route, inside an hour.

WIDOW WILLOW WREN

By Phyllis Kelway

THE two leaf-warblers flew up from the grass as one man. They had found the ideal site for a nest (as every bird must do every spring) and they were satisfied. He talked to her gently, billing her neck with his slender brown beak, but she flitted away into a bunch of alders northward, and he was forced to follow. The dugout they had chosen was a cup in the bank, deep, snug and sheltered. Bluebells were over, but the long sheaths of the leaves sprawled languidly around the shallow dip in the soil, like swords that have been laid down after battle.

During the next day no one would have guessed that the pair of willow wrens had made such a momentous decision; the mated birds flew from branch to branch of the gnarled oak, gathering flies and caterpillars as they flitted lightly from twig to twig. They chattered incessantly in soft twee-twee voices that were humbler than the harsh saw-sawing note of the great-tits nesting in a hole of the oak.

Last month the willow wrens had crossed the English coast from Africa. They had been tired then—deep-down tired with physical weariness in their bones and in their very feathers. Now they were refreshed. English fields and lanes were rich with insect life; the two birds had put on weight.

The brambles had opened buds of potential whiteness into miniature white roses against a multitude of prickly green leaves. The willow wrens liked brambles; they hopped from spray to spray poking and peering into the dark depths.

In early morning the male perched atop an alder wand to send forth his melodious warble, tender, sweet, spring-like, but sad; a song that mounted up and up in joyous fulfilment, stronger, undismayed, to its zenith; and then died softly away on a murmurous undertone as though the songster had been carried away by his inward thoughts. Lower in the thicket the female listened to the vehement outburst and the dying away; listened and plucked a decayed grass stem from its

loose foundations. Those two faced the world courageously, with brave hearts, with one object in their existence in the month of May: the continuance of the race. So the male sang to his mate, a vigorous, tender song, thrilling the spring with it, filling the world with the eager, imperishable song of the migrant willow wren; singing a song that was deathless, infinite.

The May sun glittered on his olive-green back, throwing his yellow eye-stripe and yellow rump into sharp relief. Holding his brownish wings so close to his slender form that you could not distinguish the yellowish margins, he opened wide his beak to fling his song across the field.

His mate listened, and plucked another grass from its roots.

Away in the hedge another leaf-warbler sang: "chiffchaff, chiffchaff, chiffchaff, chiff." Wrapped in contemplation of his own notes, the chiffchaff scarcely heard the willow wren. He too had his mate; his thoughts were entirely on his own affairs. In size he was exactly like the willow wren; his feathers were browner, darker; and his legs, slender as the willow wren's, were of a darker hue.

The chiffchaff, as a race, preferred his domed nest to be several inches above the ground, while the willow wren nearly always chose a site on the ground itself. In this rough field the chiffchaff, having arrived first, had staked his claim, and the willow wren had chosen a site just outside the chiffchaff's domain.

When the willow wren had finished his song he found his wife busily plaiting grasses into a domed roof over the dugout they had chosen together. He watched her for a while, then tentatively he pulled a frond of last year's bracken from its brown stem and offered it to her. She took the gift from him, but dropped it immediately and tugged grasses from the short turf for herself. In disappointment or boredom, he flew away; and busy as she was, the hen willow wren did not even cast a glance after him. Stepping daintily from tuft to tuft, she collected her material for house-building; dry grasses in abundance, and a few morsels of green moss. From inside the dugout she prodded the grasses into place over her head, tugging them this way and that in apparent haste and impatience, but weaving them with bird-like precision into position. She suddenly evicted a beetle with disdain, refusing to devour the hard black elytra, but presently she rediscovered the beetle just outside the doorway that was yet unmade; she picked it up in her beak and flew with it over the hedge into the garden,

where she dropped it from a height of thirty feet. Before returning, she snapped a couple of greenfly from a rose bush.

Her return was considerably hindered by caterpillars on the alders which were too good to miss, but half an hour later she flew down to the dugout with a wisp of grasses in her beak. These she worked rapidly into the lintels of the opening, twisting them with eager movements of her head and beak until the lintels were firmly fashioned of felted grass.

At this point her mate came to fetch her; she flew away to join him in supper among the leaves of the hazels in the valley. The two birds were utterly happy; their happiness was perceptible in their soft twitting voices as they flitted among the young foliage like green leaves blown by a light wind. In the wealth of green they were invisible, camouflaged by colours and shades similar to their own. A sparrow hawk flounced up the hedge on swift, silent wings, searching for small birds before dark; but the willow wrens froze to the twigs on which they perched, and the sparrow hawk seized a hedge sparrow instead.

After the hawk had swept up the hedge like a hurricane, the cock willow wren opened his brown beak and sang the sweetest song the hedge had heard that spring. Perhaps fear drove him to unburden himself; perhaps relief. His song fell most wonderfully sweet upon the ear.

When he had finished, dusk had fallen. The two birds slipped into the stubb of a hazel, tucked their heads low into their feathers, and slept the short night through.

Early the next morning the little green hen flew excitedly to the dugout on the bank. Her cock followed her, saying tender things to her as he went, speaking gently of matters understood by willow wrens who are building a nursery. He helped her for half an hour, but his interest flagged then, and he flew to an alder to try out his voice. The hen tugged more grasses from the wet soil, and after finishing the lintels, turned her attention to the doorstep. Standing on her thin, light-brown legs within the dugout, she advanced with a grass in her beak, pushed the end among other grasses, then reversed in toward the dark wall behind her. Sometimes she made a complete revolution, poking the while; in this way she shaped a doorstep of matted grasses that was raised half an inch from ground level. The opening was now more oval than round.

For several days she left the dugout and spent a joyful honeymoon with her husband. Then she flew one day to study the dugout with deep contemplation. Standing before the

entrance, she meditated. She flew off and returned with grasses of a specially fine texture; these she carried within the snug hole, and with beak and her whitish-yellow breast smoothed them into a carpet that had a slight depression in the centre.

The next day she went in search of feathers for a lining. The cock came across the breast feather of a pheasant and brought it to her, but as they could find no more in the immediate neighbourhood, they flitted gradually farther and farther away until they came to a smallholding. Feathers abounded in a poultry pen, but few were exactly what the willow wrens wanted. The smallholding was nearly a mile from the dugout, and the birds were compelled to make many journeys. On completion, the inside of the dugout was a feather bed. Two white feathers protruded over the edge as an invitation to the cosiness within.

The nest was finished.

It was now a tiny cave with a neat opening for its doorway; inside the walls were grasses knitted by a small bird's beak, while the cupped floor was feathers from a barndoor fowl. The nest was invisible to human eyes; no one would have believed that the natural folding of the grasses could hide a nest; nevertheless, it was in a dangerous position. A stoat or weasel, slinking with fluid movement over the field, would poke its sharp face into every nook and cranny, suspecting food of a sort in every depression, every spot of darkness. A grass snake, searching for frogs, would not hesitate to thrust its evil head into the cosily constructed bird's nest; and there were others . . . .

These dangers were written in the book of life of every leaf-warbler whether he were willow wren, chiff-chaff or wood wren, and no bird was ignorant of what a nest close to the ground meant.

Knowing the need for haste, the hen willow wren laid her first egg on the day after the last feather had been spread. It was a refined little egg, smaller than the kernel of a cob nut, delicate white in colour, speckled freely over its larger end with brown markings as though its pure complexion had been freckled in the sun. The greeny-olive bird laid five eggs—five freckled pearls on a feather-bed.

When she had laid her full clutch she started sitting; her mate chose his favourite perch on the tallest twig of the alder to pour forth his heart. The yellowish-white feathers of his throat moved as he sang with open beak.

Down below a black form stalked through the alders, its amber eyes staring right and left in search of mice. The cock saw the cat and stopped singing. Upon the sloping field fell a silence that was not of sound, but was in reality a shout of fear from a slip of a greeny-yellow bird atop an alder. The sudden silence—a silence falling in full song—shook the inmates of the field as an air-raid siren in a busy street. A bank vole, scuttling along his grassy tunnel, stopped in his tracks, his blunt furry face uplifted, waiting. A magpie cawed in raucous tones and flopped out of an ash, hurrying away in heavy flight.

The cat, accustomed to his unpopularity, stalked on, out from the alder twigs and into the open. Cat as he was, his eyes told him nothing of the willow wrens' nest. No recognition of a bird's felted grasses came through to him as he placed one paw plumb across the entrance to the dugout. In a flash the cock willow wren darted across the cat's nose, hopping and stumbling over the grass, trailing an outspread wing. As he put up this barrage of brave pretence, his wife shot out of the nest as a leaf lifted from its moorings by the ground wind. The cock, seeing her escape, would have zoomed swiftly upward and away, but in that instant of watching his beloved mate gain her freedom, the heroic leaf-warbler lost his life . . .

Dangerously close to the cat's head, a green bird wailed plaintively: "weet, weet, weet, wee-eet," as the black monster stepped daintily over the wet grass with his catch between his jaws. The willow wren cried—how she cried; her heart-rending misery frightened the robins and blue tits from the neighbourhood; scared the linnets and goldfinches playing among last year's teazles; terrified the mother chiffchaff brooding her six youngsters in her oven-shaped nest in the brambles.

"Woo-ee, woo-oo-ee," and "woo-ee-ee," wailed the widowed bird; and the field was aware of the tragedy of living . . . .

In the next-door garden a black cat munched a morsel of meat in a bunch of green feathers.

The willow wren was filled with the terror of existence. For an hour she forgot her clutch of eggs in her great loss. Had she flown into the next field at this point she would never have returned, and the eggs, laid so carefully after a journey of thousands of miles, would have rotted for the beetles to devour at their leisure. Her recognition of her duty faltered; for now everything was against her. Without a mate to aid her in feeding the young, she might never rear them to the fledgling

stage. Even *two* birds trying to feed five youngsters would have been hard-worked.

Once she flitted within a yard of the nest. After that, the call of the eggs won. She began her brooding where she had left off. For days she was nervous. She would slip out from the dugout at the slightest warning. A loud-voiced jay would send her trembling for the safety of the high alders; a shrew, whispering to himself in the grasses, would cause her to bolt for the brambles.

The eggs hatched. Now she must brood as well as feed the blind naked lumps that must some day fly to Africa. She did both. Starting at dawn, she made short journeys in search of aphides and the briefest of green and brown caterpillars. Day by day the journeys grew longer; the babies had larger appetities, and she collected looper caterpillars of great length. The size of the aphides remained the same, but she gathered more of them. She found long-nosed weevils that climbed the stems and leaves of the shrubs, but she seldom collected food from the ground. The youngsters were always hungry; they opened wide their soft-edged beaks, disclosing their yellow throats and the narrow, darkened gulleys through which the green caterpillars would pass.

Up to now the weather had been mild and damp. The grass and sorrel had grown, giving protection to the mice that scurried through the low herbage; and the grass enclosed the dugout with its thin curtain until the change of the weather. Then the sun brought the growth higher for a day or so until its heat dried up the moisture. The May sun baked the ground and beat upon the dugout four days before the young willow wrens were ready to fly. In a panic the mother crouched over them with wings spread like a green umbrella. Forgetting cats in this fresh service, she shielded the fledglings for minutes at a time while the sun scorched her own back, and curled her own feathers. But the five young birds could not stand the stifling heat of the dugout; they hung their heads over the grassy doorway like calves over the stable door, and at noon they opened their beaks to gasp in the sweltering heat.

The widow willow wren was at her wit's end. Food was of primary importance, but she knew the risk of sun full upon her young and was torn between food and shelter. At five in the evening danger of sunstroke was past; then she collected food until ten-thirty when the first pipistrelle bat flickered across the skyline to foretell the coming of night. The widow was tousled now; her olive feathers no longer shone in the

sunlight, and her whitish breast and throat seemed in dull lights to be almost the same colour as her back. Her energy was the same as ever. Tireless, she searched the leaves methodically for caterpillars previously over-looked, and for aphides grown adult in the night. Now and again she hovered as a miniature kestrel hawk before a silver birch, picking off the dipterous flies from the leaves as she saw them with her keen eyes; then returning with her beak gripping the bunch of luscious food. The young panted in the hot sun, but between their gasps they called insistently for food, calling louder and louder when they saw or heard her approach. Leaning heavily over the dugout door, one of the young toppled out one noontide. The widow left him there on the doorstep for the dugout was overcrowded and she could not push him in. Valiantly, she endeavoured to serve as umbrella to both the young on the grass and those within. Always she did her best, but sometimes now her manner was hectic. Almost hysterically she thrust food into the ever-open mouths; she was working against time, against her strength, and she knew always what a narrow margin of life lay between to-day and to-morrow.

Those five whom she served ailed nothing apart from exhaustion under the sun. They flowed toward maturity as a stream, gushing with fresh water, grows stronger and stronger the further it flows from its source.

The heat wave waned. The fledglings fluttered one morning from the dugout that had seen them as eggs, and clambered, one after another, to a stem of old bracken. Seating themselves in a row, they were fairy birds in sulphur-yellow jackets, yellower in every feather than their widowed mother. The widow willow wren, still worried and flustered, filled their beaks with any insect she could find, but now, even she could not cope with five appetites, each of which was more copious than her own. They perched before her—fledgling birds, who, as mammals, might have been Pekingese puppies; and she fed them bravely, without favouritism, until one after another the youngsters pecked at their first caterpillars, jerked their greeny-yellow heads away from the mother's beak that had nourished them, and joyfully prepared for their maiden voyage to Africa.

The widow willow wren, in utter weariness, filled her crop again and again with caterpillars to strengthen herself for her last triumphant journey to the South.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

MR. PRIESTLEY who speaks so acceptably to a world of listeners has commented on the difference between this war and the last—and yet I think without recognizing the cause of the difference in quality. Twenty-six years ago the British people went into war, not knowing what war was:

Predatory War

they inclined and were encouraged to regard it as a gallant adventure, and men scrambled to get in. Also, many shrewd people discerned large profits to be made. In four years Great Britain learnt what a beastly business war is, and saw profiteering on a scale undreamt of. Reflecting individuals came to individual conclusions; some, and among them some of the most valiant, decided that any war was so great an evil that it should be avoided almost at any price: in other words, that you should fight only literally in your own defence. But the British people at large, having learnt what war was, decided that it ought to be put down, and with a good intention but faulty psychology set the example of disarmament when they were on the crest of power. They believed and were encouraged to believe in the efficiency of moral opinion, and its power to enforce what they held essential and practicable—that there should be an end to predatory war. This belief had to be abandoned after what they saw in China and in Abyssinia; but they substituted for it a new article of faith—collective security. Unfortunately, though they knew now what war was, they were still by tradition a non-military nation and they did not see, nor did their leaders instruct them, that collective security means collective preparedness. They were ignorant, in a military sense; they thought the French unduly and unworthily anxious about security; but they were ready to face war in order that international brigandage should not go unpunished and unredressed. Then they went to war in a business-like manner, without hustle or excitement. When they saw Europe falling to pieces round them they were not dismayed, first, because they believed absolutely in the

righteousness and necessity for their action, and secondly because, although they had learnt what war is, they had never come to think of it as a trial in which Great Britain could be beaten. It is the combination of these two factors that to my mind gives assurance of victory. But this time the British people are feeling themselves much more responsible than last time; they are more felt in the direction of effort and they rely upon very powerful labour leaders in the Government to twist the neck of profiteering. They are prepared for any sacrifice; and the remarkable speech of a Socialist member in Parliament shows that workers begin to apply this principle to wage earners as well as to capitalists. Meanwhile they follow the performances of Spitfires, Hurricanes and the rest as if they were leading cup teams. I have no toleration for the people who objected to an air fight being described as a football match. It is a poor heart that never rejoices and not a heart likely to win the war; why should not one cheer to see a Messerschmitt go down? It is neither right nor reasonable to say that we ought to be filled with melancholy over the fate of some poor Germans. The battle line attitude to death is not that of ordinary life and we are all promiscuously in the battle line.

* * * * *

Home Guard

The Home Guard is another sign of the times and here again one meets confused thinking. About a million and a half of men have joined up and apparently it is thought more important to uniform them than to arm them: since otherwise they might be fighting illegally as *franc tireurs*. It appears to me that in a totalitarian war, everybody is attacked and everybody has the right to resist. But the legality is neither here nor there: the question is how to make it as hard as possible for the Germans if they land. Arming no doubt will soon be completed, for those who are enrolled; but there are I should say at least quarter of a million men who have learnt to use a rifle and are debarred by age limit from taking a hand to defend the country. They ought to be given weapons and told that if they use them without a uniform to regularise their position, it may have serious consequences; I doubt if one in three would be stopped by the thought: most would prefer any risk to submission when they see a chance of effective resistance. Men in this category, if not all the Home Guard, should be like the Swiss who keep each man his own rifle in his own dwelling. I com-

mend the idea to Mr. Bevin who seems to me to have more instinct for utilizing capacity than the rest of the Ministry—excepting always the Prime Minister who utilized Mr. Bevin. It is Mr. Bevin who is taking drastic steps to see that aliens, who ask no better than to help in defeating the Nazis, shall get their chance.

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The Situation

Meantime, what a moment! This island crammed with troops, and the best of troops, but expecting invasion which may come from any point or points between Trondhjem and Cherbourg—or Brest for that matter, a likely starting place, if Ireland should be aimed at. Italy possesses British Somaliland, (no great prize), and is gravely threatening Egypt; Japan is threatening all that Britain holds in the Far East; and, according to some, Spain is thinking of a move against Gibraltar. Of course there are reassuring factors. One is the arrival of a South African expeditionary force in East Africa. Not all of it is there yet: but General Smuts does these things well. Troops from Canada, pilots from Australia, land in this country: but away in the Near East there waits a solid lump of Australians and New Zealanders who will not always be waiting. Their presence is felt all through the Mediterranean. I think there is a foolish disposition to underrate Italian military efficiency; but if the Italians are loath to come to grips with these successors to the Anzacs, they need not be ashamed of that.

Where the collision is likely to come, nobody can tell; all the Eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea coasts are on the *qui vive*. Germany appears to have issued orders, in the form of advice, to Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria; but it is not clear that they will be obeyed. Transfers of population or of territory are seldom carried out without resistance; yet apparently disturbance is what Germany wants to avoid. Bulgaria has the approval of Great Britain as well as Germany for her claim to the Southern Dobruja. Meanwhile Greece for long kept out of the news—except when the world was reminded that for five years now General Metaxas has managed that not very manageable country and is not unpopular. He maintains neutrality resolutely—but he does not repudiate the British guarantee; for Greece is a country to which the British forces can easily and quickly bring assistance,

and it is by no means clear as yet that they may not become paramount in the Eastern Mediterranean. Along the Danube they do not count for much—as Rumania's treatment of British commercial men shows. In all that region anxious States balance Russia against Germany—allowing for probable joint action of Italy with Germany. What one would like to know is the extent of attraction—as distinct from fear—exercised by these great Powers. Hungary probably has a feeling for Italian culture—and certainly has a loathing of Russia. But it is evident that in Bessarabia a large number of subjects prefer to be under Russian than Rumanian rule. What has happened in the Baltic States should not be regarded solely as an effect of terror. The landlord class there was largely German or German by sympathy; and the unanimous adoption of Soviet principles probably means that the actual workers of the soil expect to be better off. They may in fact find themselves worse off; but the effects of the change will certainly be felt across the Prussian border against which their new Soviets tie up. It would be curious if Prussia proved to be the *Reich's* most vulnerable spot.

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America and France

American omens are in some ways highly satisfactory; after the decision reached at Havana it will not be necessary for the British navy to prevent French and Dutch possessions from becoming German. But will the American control prevent the French possessions from harbouring German submarines? So long as they are not used against American shipping I doubt if America would interfere—and Great Britain may have to. It is good again that whether the next President prove to be Roosevelt or Wendell Willkie, he will be pledged to regard the British cause as the cause of civilization; but it is less good that for at least several months to come Republicans and Democrats alike will be chiefly concerned to avoid any step which may be regarded as departing from strict neutrality. The United States is prepared to spend vast sums of money, and even to adopt the principle of conscription, in order to defend civilization, provided that it defends it only in America. To do so elsewhere is demoralizing. All appearance of co-operation or even of consultation with Great Britain on military matters is taboo. Yet there are happy coincidences. Shortly after Great Britain, under pressure from Japan, had

agreed to close the Burma Road to military stores for China, the United States discovered that their interests made it necessary to confine the sale of petrol and scrap iron to Americans—they inflicted on Japan a disadvantage probably equal to that imposed on China.

France is almost too painful to write about. Hitler has had one real success: he has injected poison into the European system. To combine the powers of France and Great Britain is to get the very best of Europe; but these excellences have never mingled easily; and at present France is learning to class the heroic episode of Dunkirk with the lamentable necessity of Oran as one of the things which France must never forget in her account against Britain. Yet nothing which is done or said officially now in the name of France expresses France; all will be unsaid and undone when France is again itself. The natures of individual Frenchmen like M. Laval and M. Bonnet are indeed disclosed. They have good reason to desire that Germany's ascendancy shall be permanent, for in a free France their lot will not be agreeable.

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Island Birds

Two books which I should advise buying now that the book tax has been for the time being abandoned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his wisdom, are *Island Years* by Dr. Fraser Darling, and *Birds of the Grey Winds* by Mr. E. A. Armstrong.* Both are studies of communities in which there is no war—for killing for food is not warfare, though a bird's defence of its young is perhaps the finest illustration of the heroic. Dr. Darling saw many examples of it in the years which he passed on Scottish islands, observing the habits of birds and beasts who were their only other inhabitants. Mr. Armstrong only takes part in this game as an amateur and his study of birds has been mostly in Northern Ireland—though he claims to have slept in the open " on Dutch islands and in French forests, on Chinese mountains and Californian deserts ", so that he has plenty to compare with what he noted on the shores of Strangford Lough—that paradise place for wild-fowl. I don't say that his book is as good as Dr. Darling's—mighty few books are; but he also has the talent for communicating his own enjoyment of experiences that are at once rare and common. Rare,

**Island Years* by Dr. Fraser Darling. Bell. 12s. 6d.
Birds of the Grey Winds by E. A. Armstrong. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

because few people will take the trouble to watch what is happening on their own lawns and in their shrubberies, and common because the affairs of a colony of guillemots or puffins go on every day every year in the same places. Yet, according to these observers, the bird population fluctuates. Mr. Armstrong notes that fulmar petrels have established themselves in the last ten years on the cliffs at Scarborough—just because the human population of the Faeroes and St. Kilda took to tinned foods, lived less on smoked fulmar, and the bird population grew till emigration was necessary. But I really wanted to say that here are two volumes which will help many of us to forget about the war for a while; or rather to realize that, war or no war, this world is full of lovely pleasures that can be cheaply enjoyed by intelligent people. You must work for them, that is true; but are any pleasures worth while that you do not have to work for?

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

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JAPAN'S WEAKNESS

By O. M. Green

JAPAN IN CHINA, by W. H. Chamberlin. *Duckworth.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

In this brief but illuminating survey, a sequel to his *Japan in Asia*, Mr. Chamberlin gives an admirable account of the conditions and problems of the Far East at the end of two years of war, with some speculations as to its outcome. Superficially, all such speculations might seem completely upset by the French collapse and the disabilities thereby imposed on ourselves, of which we have had a sad example in the closing of the Burma road. But the more one ponders the facts set out by Mr. Chamberlin, the more one feels that fundamentally the issue before Japan remains unaltered. She must conquer China before she can realize her "pipe dreams" of a new order in East Asia, and there is still no sign of her being able to do that.

Mr. Chamberlin says that the war has revealed some of Japan's limitations and weaknesses. Her army's morale is better than its equipment and strategy, both of which are out of date. But the common belief that she could not stand the strain of a long war has proved a fallacy. Her financing of the war has on the whole worked smoothly and her people remain as bovinely passive as ever. Mr. Chamberlin suggests an interesting reason for the altogether exaggerated propaganda about the help which Russia, ourselves and France are alleged to have given China: the Japanese feel that there is no glory to be got in defeating China; therefore it is necessary "to convince the people that they are fighting, not China, but stronger Powers behind her, which are trying to thwart Japan's legitimate demands for expansion". To sum up, Mr. Chamberlin describes Japan as "somewhat winded but far from exhaustion" and capable of going on for a long time yet.

But at least as much can be said for China. Though she has lost her best cities and exits to the sea, she possesses in the vast west and southwest, shielded behind practically impassable mountains, great natural wealth, which she is rapidly developing with all her unrivalled industry. Even of the territory overrun by the Japanese fully two-thirds remain under the Government's control. Her simple social state, founded chiefly on the man with the hoe, is better able to stand the strain of war than highly industrialized Japan. There is not the faintest sign of disunity or slackening of the will to win. And the Japanese puppet Wang Ching-wei is a poor creature to put up against General Chiang Kai-shek, whom the Chinese follow with almost superstitious devotion.

The downfall of France must have seemed to Japan a perfect godsend. For a few days it looked as if the game were entirely in her hands. Yet already some obstacles have begun to appear. The Japanese would be much deceived if they underrated the genuine dismay with which the British people regarded the closing of the Burma road or its probable effect on the Government's action when the stipulated three months have expired. The arrests of Japanese in London and elsewhere showed that Great Britain is not quite so subservient as the Japanese supposed. America's stoppage of sales of petrol, which represented over 65 per cent. of Japan's supply, is a serious blow for Tokyo. And although at the moment of writing the situation is still not clear, it looks as if the Indo-China Government had mustered courage to refuse to admit any more Japanese "supervisors" of the traffic with China, and Japan's demands for naval and military air bases. Certain it is that if Japan tries to invade Indo-China from one side, the Chinese will invade it from the other.

As against the temptation to Japan's hotheads to swoop upon the Dutch East Indies and Indo-China Mr. Chamberlin emphasizes that there are still influential Japanese who recall that Germany takes only 1.5 per cent. of Japanese exports and the British Empire and America more than 50, reminding Japan which side her bread is buttered. But there is more to be considered than that.

At least 1,000,000 Japanese are tied up in China, continually bled by actions big and small and with no prospect of getting out. Losses in killed and wounded and equipment are enormous and the labour market is thus seriously affected. The Bank of Japan holds over $2\frac{3}{4}$ thousand million yen worth of Government bonds which the other banks cannot take, which means increased inflation. Rice is reported to have been rationed since May and the harvest will be poor owing to drought. And for all the Japanese people's patience, war weariness and restlessness at the regimenting of all life and the numerous *ersatz* articles enforced on them are unmistakeable.

It is significant that the fifth Government since the war began has lately been commissioned to endeavour to bring the war to an end. Still more significant is the large space devoted in Prince Konoye's statement to a minute forecast of internal reform. This, rather than the swaggering reference to themselves, is the feature which foreign Governments should keep firmly in view. Even the enduring Japanese would scarcely tolerate their militarists' plunging into a new quarrel before they had disposed of the one on which they embarked so lightheartedly three years ago.

IN TIME OF SUSPENSE, by Laurence Whistler. *Heinemann.* 5*s.*

FEAR NO MORE, a Book of Poems for the Present Time by living English Poets. *Cambridge University Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

People who like poetry at all must surely be hungry for it today! What one particularly welcomes in Mr. Laurence Whistler's new volume, with a sigh of gratitude, is his essentially poetic attitude, his quality of mind, what I would praise as his receptive

humility. He possesses what Keats called 'negative capability' He offers us no merely clever verses, no quips or sneers from a safe distance, no Leftist superiorities, but, himself an actor in our tragedy, the poignant awareness which finds its expression in an impassioned ecstasy, a lyrical grief that reaches always through the transient to point the eternal. We enter a world of sensuous images keenly observed and find ourselves in contact with a mind sharp to comment upon our predicament, honest and sad, yet an affirming mind.

In "It Will Not Last" he tells us that, if not for us, then for our children or our children's children what we have loved will one day return.

> It will not last, love will again be free :
> There will be one who watches from this hill,
> With rich contentment in his eyes, the grey
> Flow of eternal afternoon one way,
> The valley bindweed in his fingers still.
>
> There will be lovers putting out the lights.

Mr. Whistler affirms what needs affirming. He is, too, a a very good love poet. "In the quiet brilliance of belief", he tells us,

> We fashion life at such intensity,
> The very chairs might rustle into leaf
> And panels grope to build their primal tree.

And in the concluding lines of the first lovely poem, "For Jill", we guess at the source of his idealism :

> Yet the shopkeeper's mean little scales will not do for a measure of living.
> By them we are paupers. But put the right questions to life : not how much
> Or how safe, but how full in its hour, how vivid ? There we are rich.

In Time of Suspense is written by an artist who is, of course, not afraid of beauty. There are some charming "Inscriptions on Glass, Wood and Stone", charmingly turned. Nor does his mind lack a satirical edge to it as in "Variety" and "Effect of Military Music on a Welfare-Worker". He can be as mordant as Siegfried Sassoon.

But it is in a fine, long narrative poem, "The Quick and the Dead", that Mr. Whistler rises to his full height to meet Emergency in symbolic terms. After all, war still remains the Poet's chief opportunity because war throws the world back upon spiritual realities; and upon this, a poet's ability, or otherwise, to rise to a great occasion must we ultimately accept or reject him. Mr. Whistler bids us take our choice, conscript our wills, and decide finally which company we follow : Quick or Dead.

I found *Fear No More*, on the whole, disappointing. It is an anthology of some eighty lyrical pieces written during the last five years by twenty-two anonymous authors. After Mr. Whistler's sensitively rich line the collection strikes one as rather thin. There is a certain monotony of style and diction about many of the poems which suggests the group-mind ; or, indeed, even a swiftly outmoded literary fashion so rapid has been the march of catastrophic events! One seeks in vain for the sign-manual of an outstandingly original talent. Nevertheless, there is some very pleasant work in the book, mostly quietist, rural and reflective, which brings with it the solace of unchanging processes and the peace of acceptance. There is a notably good poem, "The Unborn Historian" on the first page. The book is dedicated to the Poet Laureate, who has an excellent word to say; the jacket is embellished with a wholly suitable drawing by an anonymous designer of a hand offering a leaf.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

HORACE WALPOLE, by R. W. Ketton-Cremer. *Duckworth.* 16*s.*

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND, by Basil Willey. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY JOURNAL, 1774-1776. Compiled by John Hampden. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

Mr. Ketton-Cremer's book does not claim to be the final authoritative biography of Horace Walpole; in fact this can hardly be written until Mr. Lewis has concluded his Yale edition of Walpole's correspondence. But there is in this book a remarkably skilful portrait of the life and work of a figure whose sympathies and activities were of such diverse natures that even though they failed to impress Macaulay are none the less likely to arouse interest in the general reader. This portrait has been carefully presented by interweaving the plain but documented narrative of the text with quotations from the letters which Walpole was so careful to see preserved for posterity. Their value and charm are now perhaps increased, since there has probably been no period in our history when escape and refreshment have been so much needed by the ordinary man, and it can certainly be found by those who delight in historical reading to be "carried away into an older and more seemly world". This, too, was Walpole's desire, so that he writes to a friend 'I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams'.

Those who, when their day's work is done, find their recreation in such a manner will be glad that Mr. Basil Willey has followed up his work on *The Seventeenth Century Background* with a volume which continues the story to the end of the eighteenth century. At first the author wondered "whether it was fitting to come forward at this time with studies so remote from actuality", but the reader will agree that the eighteenth century can offer "not merely escape or refreshment, but even actual guidance in our present troubles". *The Eighteenth Century Background* is a scholarly book which will not allow of hasty reading; it does not pretend to be an outline of the thought of the century, but leads up to the conception of a divine Nature, epitomized in Wordsworth's poetry. "Nature" has seemed to the author to be the key-word of the century and its importance in religion, ethics, philosophy and politics is claimed to be the central theme of the book. There are twelve separate chapters and their relation to this theme give the book its completeness, so that it would be wrong to describe it as a collection of eighteenth century studies. Yet each chapter will appeal differently to different readers, and although much might be lost in not reading the book as a whole, much would also be gained by the general reader who cares to 'dip' into a book of this kind. Particularly "'Nature' in Wordsworth", "Joseph Priestley and the Socinian Moonlight", "David Hume" and "Cosmic Toryism" are chapters that might so appeal. This last-mentioned chapter, which forms the third one of the book, cannot fail to interest the progressive thinker of to-day: Soame Jenyns's *Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil,* so castigated by Dr. Johnson, illustrates for us the hopeless optimism which prevailed in certain quarters—a gospel

of 'Whatever is is right', which has done harm in all periods and in all places. So we are led in this chapter to see why so "many of the really dynamic men of the century . . . . . disliked the *status quo* much too intensely to want to explain it favourably". One is tempted to ask whether this cosmic Toryism is bound to "entail irreversible poverty upon generation after generation?" To each there is his own answer, but there is a lesson here. So is the mind stimulated and nourished by this volume, and we can perhaps agree with the author in finding in eighteenth century thought some measure of "guidance in our present troubles".

Very different is *An Eighteenth Century Journal*, which Mr. John Hampden has compiled from contemporary sources for the years 1774, 1775 and 1776: here we are provided with a picture of the period as it may have appeared to a man of some means, education and good breeding who lived a life not without leisure in London in those years. This manner of presenting a few years of history in the making is a charming one and those who like this sort of thing will be glad if Mr. Hampden succeeds in covering, as he hopes, the whole epoch of the War of American Independence in further volumes. Here, if the book brings us little in the way of guidance, there is much delight, and perhaps, with Horace Walpole, "by the aid of some historic vision and local circumstance" we can "romance ourselves into pleasure and know nothing transports us so much".

Certainly each of these three volumes helps towards an understanding of the eighteenth century spirit.

J. F. BURNET.

THE ROOM WITHIN, by Richard Church. *Dent.* 9*s.*

MARIANA, by Monica Dickens. *Michael Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The bells of London did not need to ring "Turn again Whittington" to George Stone when he came up from the country to make his fortune. A girl's casual mention of herbs, and an almost accidental deal in senna pods set him on the way to a warehouse on Tower Hill and a flourishing and expanding business. Vigorous, able and lucky, he suffered only one real defeat. He had been as confident in love as in trade, but he lost Phyllis and her charming graces to the rival who was his opposite in every way. Robert Cromwell had grown up in the atmosphere and tradition of government service. He started his career with influence on his side, but his liberal mind and sensitive integrity of spirit carried with them a hidden weakness and diffidence that unfitted him for fighting his way in a world where fighting, even with gloves on, became unexpectedly necessary. The story of the freezing out process by which he was removed from the Ministry of Leisure is one of the best things in the book. That he should not see what was coming until too late and should then be incapable of meeting it except by resignation, and a resort to spiritual comfort is all in keeping, part of a portrait of a kind of man born to be shouldered out of things. His career declined as Stone's rose in a triumphant curve, but he carried off or was carried off by Phyllis, who to my mind makes the book seem unreal whenever she comes into it, she was so much more girlish than any girl could ever be.

I get an impression which may be quite wrong that Mr. Church changed the plan of his novel half way through. Did he mean Stone, so prominent at the start, to fade so much out of the picture? Did he mean Robert to have Phyllis? The line of direction seems to me to shift as the novel goes on. Perhaps because of this, but perhaps, too, because of the pre-war flavour, as difficult to recover as yesterday's mood, the novel is at one remove from the reader. It is a tale told rather than a fragment of organic life lived in the reading. Our present preoccupations are partly to blame, and make it hard to appraise a sensitive and subtle study of English society, of dinners in Holland Park, musical evenings on a farm in the Chilterns, of the unhurried dignity of mornings in Whitehall, all in a world in which it was still possible to hope for continuity, and to travel in Europe.

A young woman staying alone in a country cottage for a weekend, hears on the wireless that her husband's ship has been sunk. There are some casualties but most of the crew have been saved. There is no telephone, and to get any news Mary must walk five miles in bad weather, go into a strange house, explain, ask leave to telephone. These obstacles are too much for her, she does not go. Instead, conveniently for her author, she recalls the whole of her life. Perhaps the feeling that any flesh and blood woman would have brâved the weather and the strange house sets the reader off on the reminiscences with a certain lack of conviction, which for me was never banished. Mary had been a little girl enjoying holidays at her father's old home, she had been a young girl at a Commem. Ball breaking her heart over her first love affair, she had been an inept pupil at a dramatic school, and a rather more skilful one at a dress designer's in Paris. Finally she had fallen in love and married. It is all competent and probable, but there is neither originality nor distinction in this novel, which never rises above the level of the woman's magazine.

LETTICE COOPER.

STALIN, by Eugene Lyons. *Harrap.* 9*s*.

According to Mr. Lyons the whole career of Stalin has been governed by a motive of revenge rooted in the nationality of Stalin. So the story can be summed up as one in which Stalin the Georgian, revenges himself and the Georgians upon the Russians, by making himself into a more ruthless and bloodthirsty Czar than any Russian before him. Mr. Lyons is a journalist, and we must allow him some license for his professional technique. Even then the story does not ring wholly true. It would have been a more consistent story had the author not included in his book an account of an interview he had with Stalin in which Mr. Lyons had ample opportunity to probe his subject.

Whether he failed to put the proper questions it is for Mr. Lyons to say, but the picture he gives of Stalin in this interview does not tally with the rest of the book.

Having known Stalin personally over a period of years I would advise Mr. Lyons to keep to the portrait he draws in the interview, rather than to his fuller description derived from other writers. It is not a wise policy to read into Stalin's

mind motives which he thinks Stalin ought to have. The interview is well done and the illustrations are excellent. But the rest of the book is so full of exaggerations that if one half of them were true Russia would be in ruins, her population decimated by disease, and her productive forces completely exhausted.

The author would have made a better job had he understood Stalin's political theories and taken the trouble to check his practice by more reliable evidence than this book contains. It is not enough that for a number of years Mr. Lyons lived in Russia. So did the writer of this review for the best part of seven years and I found plenty to criticize. But I do not recognize Stalin except in the chapter described as a "close-up".

J. T. MURPHY.

BRITISH HILLS AND MOUNTAINS, by J. H. B. Bell, E. F. Bozman and J. Fairfax Blakeborough. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE GREATER ENGLISH CHURCH, by Harry Batsford and Charles Fry. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Since we are now debarred from pleasure trips abroad, the firm of Batsford has had the excellent idea to console us with these two books, one for the guidance of those who seek for natural beauty and the other for those who prefer to revel in the glorious works of man. On other occasions I have expressed my amazement, when one remembers the price at which books dealing with the arts are sometimes published, how the "British Heritage Series" with its very numerous and delightful illustrations, can be offered at such moderate rates. The two latest volumes are well up to the standard of their predecessors, as is the text by the various authors.

Some of those who have hitherto neglected the hills and mountains of Britain on account of the fact that they are less colossal than the Alps or the Himalayas will find that there is a good deal to be said for them and that the local farmer who said that the Pennine climate consists of nine months winter and three months bad weather was no more than displaying his nationality by the humour of understatement. It is true that the Lake District rarely suffers from drought, but the sight of those mountains swathed in rain-clouds can be unforgettably beautiful. When last I happened to cross from above Grasmere to Ullswater it was a very tranquil day, but one can often be more fortunate and witness that lonely tarn at the summit of the pass in the grip of tempestuous gales. Mr. Bozman does full justice to the Lakes; his advice for expert mountaineers and for those who are less ambitious cannot be improved upon. He is so detailed and so lucid that the reader will immediately start to plan his next journey, and if during the war he is prevented from repairing to this part of England he will enjoy himself almost as much by reading what Mr. Bozman and other people have done and by gazing at the pictures here presented. In the section dealing with Wales we are told that it is a good plan to descend Cader Idris by the 'popular Foxes Path', but it seemed to me that, if you have no nails in your boots, you should leave that almost vertical path to the foxes. Dr. Bell is our guide to the mountains and hills of Scotland: 'we wanted', he says, 'a little strenuous exercise, so we chose a more difficult

way up the rocks of Sgurr na Stri', a way more difficult than by the notorious Bad Step, where 'the toes in the lower crack, the fingers in the upper one (for some thirty feet), and a cautious, rhythmic shuffle solves the problem'. There may be some who will prefer to approach Loch Corvisk, that gem of Skye, in less arduous fashion, for instance by boat from Elgol and a clamber over half-a-mile of easy rocks.

Who that has seen Southwell's Chapter House can forget the deliciously mischievous foxes among the vines? This does not chance to be one of the illustrations of our second book, but the net cast by the gifted authors is such that every aspect of our greater churches is described and in the most attractive and allusive manner. For once the blurb does not in the least exaggerate; 'This book', it says, 'will prove an invaluable mine of reference and information for all who love to visit the greater churches'. We are even told of the right of sanctuary with many curious provisions. It appears that sanctuary for debt was allowed in certain places until the reign of William IV and Scotsmen will find it useful to know that, theoretically at least, it persists at Holyroodhouse to this day. Here we are told how the great church was built, how it was used, planned, designed and furnished; and the instruction is conveyed with the lightness say of the 14th century parclose screen in Beverley Minster, with the comprehensiveness of Peterborough's Norman nave and occasionally with the humorous or satiric touches of the scenes carved under the choir-stalls, such as that of the 'Owl at Bay' in Gloucester or the 'Henpecked Husband' in Carlisle Cathedral, whose wife's one hand grips his beard while the other chastises him with a mallet. There are no capitals, I believe, in our churches such as one finds now and then in Spain, luridly depicting the monks' waywardness, but otherwise, as this book shows, all that is human found its way into our splendid churches.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

YOU AND MUSIC, by Christian Darnton. *Pelican Books.* 6*d.*

NEW PATHS IN MUSIC, by Basil Maine. *Nelson.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

These two books, both by well-known writers, are welcome additions to the music-lover's bookshelf.

Mr. Darnton, one of the cleverest and most original of the younger British composers of to-day, writes for those music lovers who are not equipped to read and understand intricate works on the subject. By cutting technical terms down to a minimum he has produced in *You and Music* a very readable book for the layman, and one that will also be of interest to the trained musician.

He discusses the nature of musical thought, the evolution of music in different countries from its earliest stages, and describes the various musical instruments. Up to about the sixteenth century music was always associated with some ritual observance, usually religious. This connection still occasionally survives in these days.

> There is in my mind no question but that music does in fact put a kind of Dutch courage into people. Music, more than any other man-made thing, has a potency capable of inspiring frenzy and of soothing distress. Music: anodyne, stimulant, narcotic, enervator. Music for wedding, baptisms and funerals. . . .

Music for war marches, peace marches, social demonstrations. Music for propitiation of gods, celebrations of harvests, prayers for deliverance from danger, prayers for atonement of sins.

All of these social manifestations, these group activities, still play an important although decreasing part in the life of the community. Celebration and Ritual are the primary functions of Music.

With the development of the madrigal and early forms of chamber music in the sixteenth century, music began to be listened to for its own sake. It became a desirable social accomplishment to be able to sing or play and musical gatherings among friends gained increasing popularity. This led to a realization of the entertainment value of music, and soon masques, operas and orchestral music began to appear. It was not, however, until about 1672 that the first public concert was given.

Coming to the present day, the author deplores the modern habit of 'glorifying' the artist for his own sake, which has produced a mental laziness in so many listeners. To hear Signor X singing a number of old favourites to an ecstatic audience requires less mental concentration than listening to a new and unfamiliar work.

This little book bears the imprint of a vigorous and original mind, with many touches of caustic wit. There are several musical examples, a comprehensive list of gramophone records suggested for study, and an historical chart. An excellent sixpennyworth.

Mr. Basil Maine's *New Paths in Music*, in Nelson's Discussion Books series, is largely designed to provide, by opening up various avenues of thought, material for study and discussion. To help the reader he has adopted in places the

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dialogue style of many early instruction books on music. He discusses various modern tendencies in music, and speculates on its probable future trend. A good deal of space is devoted to modern British composers, which the reader will not find in Mr. Darnton's book.

There is an interesting chapter on America in which the author enlarges on several points which must have puzzled many music lovers who have so far failed to come to grips with the music of that country. It is a curious fact that, in a country as active musically as America is to-day, no creative artist of really outstanding ability has yet appeared. Even if a composer of genius did arise in America it is doubtful if the critics and the musical public would be sufficiently educated musically to recognize him at his true value.

ELIZABETH VOSS.

CONGRATULATE THE DEVIL, by Andrew Marvell. *Gollancz.*

Mr. Marvell should consider the plot of his story more seriously before he begins to write. On this occasion he might have written two tales, one about murder and the other a variation on the theme of Alladin's Lamp or Alf's Button. His idea of a village under the influence of a powerful drug, transmitted personally by a friendly little fellow, had infinite possibilities but its relationship with the rest of the story was grotesque and quite unwarrantable.

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